

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

KEN SHANNON

CRIME-BUSTING PRIVATE EYE

"DEE DEE YANKED AT THE RUG AND
THE FIRST SHOT WENT WILD..."

See-
**NECKLACE OF
BLOOD**





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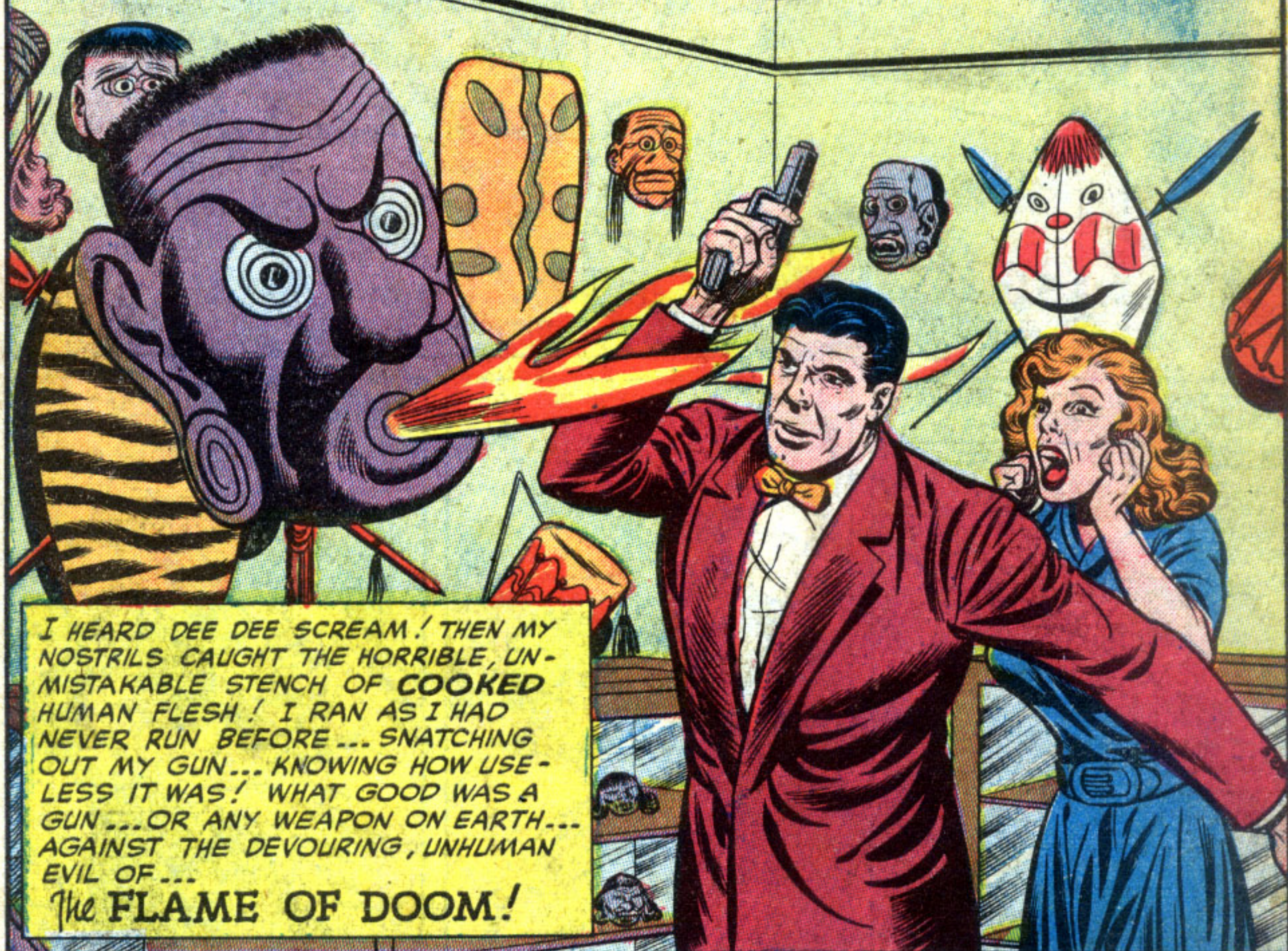
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KEN SHANNON



I HEARD DEE DEE SCREAM! THEN MY NOSTRILS CAUGHT THE HORRIBLE, UNMISTAKABLE STENCH OF **COOKED** HUMAN FLESH! I RAN AS I HAD NEVER RUN BEFORE... SNATCHING OUT MY GUN... KNOWING HOW USELESS IT WAS! WHAT GOOD WAS A GUN...OR ANY WEAPON ON EARTH... AGAINST THE DEVOURING, UNHUMAN EVIL OF...

The FLAME OF DOOM!



ORSON, THE BUTLER

WHO SAW THE PHANTOM FLAME CLAIM ITS FIRST VICTIM!



DANIEL WALTON

WHO ADMITTED HE HAD STOLEN THE MURDERING MASK!



NOMA WALTON

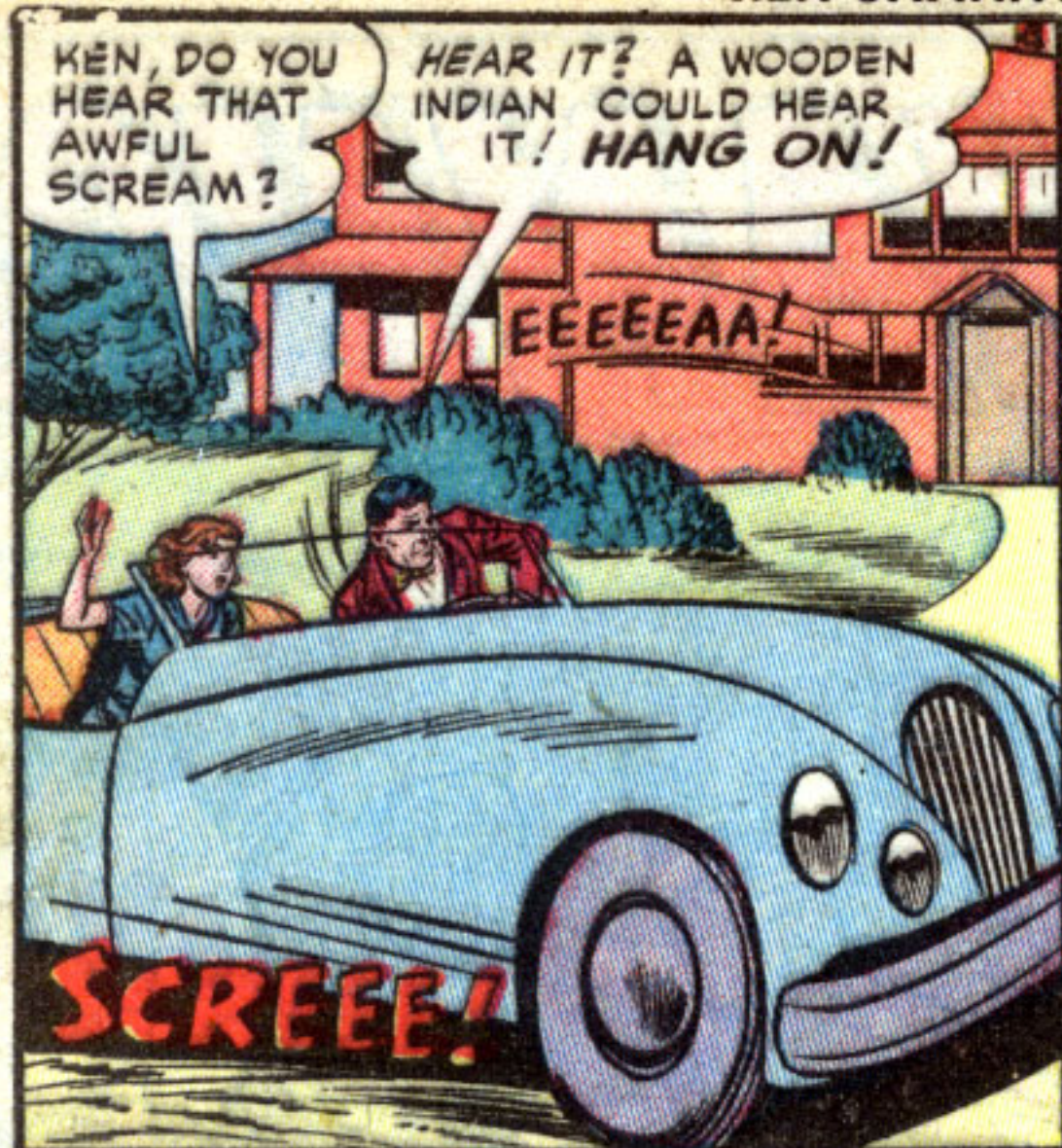
WHO DIDN'T NEED ANY DEVIL-MASK TO SET A MAN ON FIRE!



RANDOLPH WALTON

WHO WANTED TO PLAY WITH FIRE BUT COULDN'T FIND THE MATCH!

THINGS WERE TOUGH ALL OVER! MY SECRETARY, DEE DEE DAWSON, AND I WERE OUT DODGING BILL COLLECTORS LATE ONE AFTERNOON WHEN...



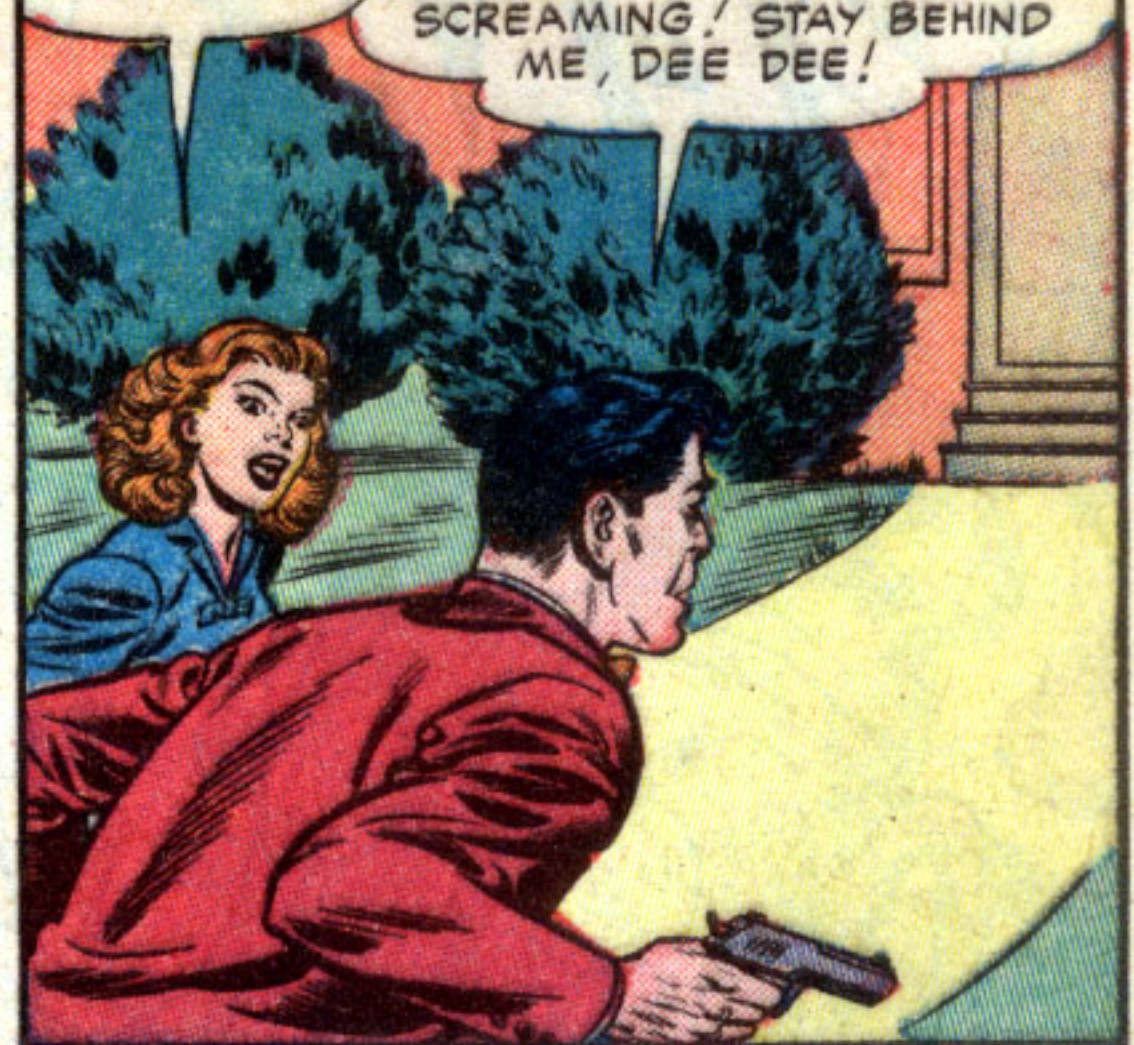
KEN, DO YOU HEAR THAT AWFUL SCREAM?

HEAR IT? A WOODEN INDIAN COULD HEAR IT! HANG ON!

EEEEEEAA!

WASN'T IT HORRIBLE?

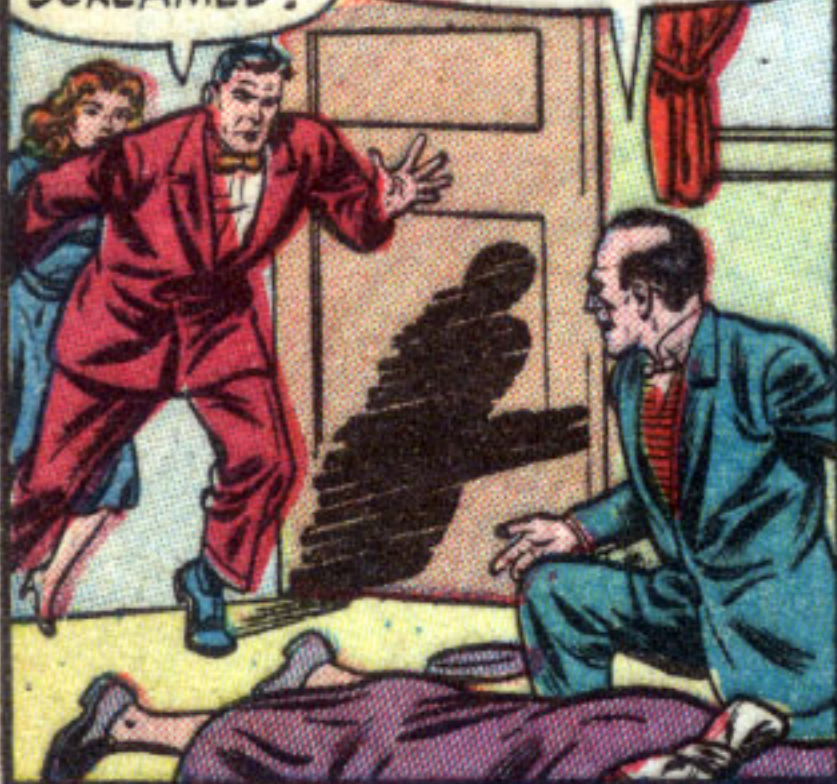
NOT AS HORRIBLE AS THE SILENCE AFTER SHE QUIT SCREAMING! STAY BEHIND ME, DEE DEE!



I HIT THE NEAREST DOOR AND CRASHED THROUGH INTO A KITCHEN!

WHAT HAPPENED? WHO SCREAMED?

IT'S NO AFFAIR OF YOURS! GET OUT OF HERE! THIS IS A PRIVATE HOME!



GET OUT THIS INSTANT OR I SHALL BE FORCED TO PUT YOU OUT!

YOU TRY IT, BUTTERCUP, AND I'LL PART YOUR TEETH! THIS IS NO TIME FOR HORSE-PLAY!



OKAY, BE A HERO, CHUMP!

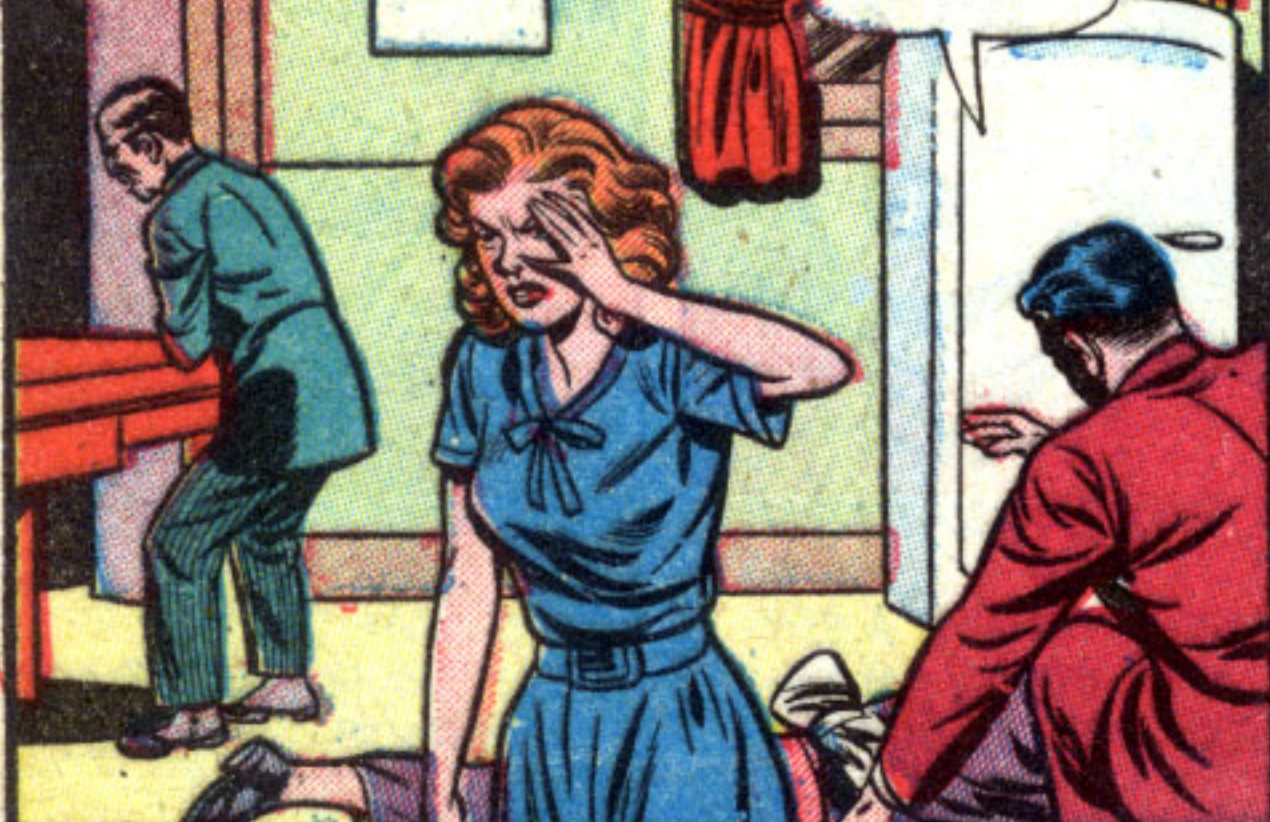
GAAA-WOOOSH!



AGH-AGH-AGH-AGH!

OH HH, KEN, HOW HORRIBLE! SHE.. SHE'S BURNED TO A CRISP!

EXCEPT WHERE SHE COVERED HER EYES WITH HER HANDS! FIND A PHONE QUICK AND CALL A DOCTOR! SHE'S STILL ALIVE!



SUDDENLY AN EXPENSIVE-LOOKING GUY CAME CHARGING IN FROM ANOTHER DOOR...

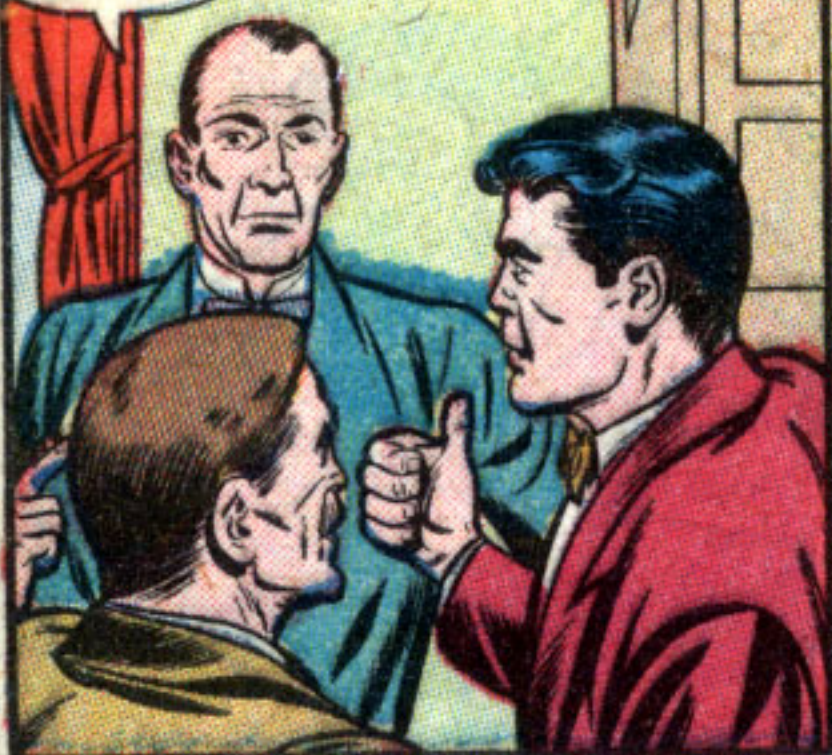
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHO SCREAMED?

ASK STUPID OVER THERE! WE'RE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS WITH THE SILLY IDEA SOMEBODY NEEDED HELP!



IT'S MAMIE, THE COOK, SIR! THE GAS OVEN BLEW UP IN HER FACE! WHEN THIS PERSON BURST IN, I... I LOST MY HEAD, SIR!

WELL, FIND IT AGAIN AND CALL A DOCTOR! SHE'S IN AGONY!



I APOLOGIZE, SIR! WE'RE ALL UPSET! I AM DANIEL WALTON!

MY NAME IS SHANNON! AND THIS LADY IS DEE DEE DAWSON, MY SECRETARY! NEXT TIME SOMEONE SCREAMS, I'LL HAVE HER PHONE FOR AN APPOINTMENT!



DR. CARVIS WILL COME AT ONCE, SIR! POOR MAMIE! SHE WAS ABOUT TO PUT THE PIE IN TO BAKE WHEN IT HAPPENED! GAS IS TRICKY...

IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE, SONNY BOY... NUTS!



WHA...? NOW SEE HERE, SHANNON! ORSON IS AN OLD AND FAITHFUL RETAINER!

OLD AND FAITHFUL LIAR! WHOM DO YOU THINK YOU'RE KIDDING, DOPEY?



I WAS GETTING SORE, AND I DIDN'T PULL ANY PUNCHES!

THERE'S NO PILOT ON THAT OVEN! IF SHE WAS LIGHTING IT, WHERE ARE HER MATCHES? IT TAKES TWO HANDS TO TURN ON GAS AND LIGHT IT! WHO HELD THE PIE FOR HER?



AND SINCE WHEN DOES GAS GIVE A WOMAN ENOUGH TIME TO SCREAM AND COVER HER FACE BEFORE IT EXPLODES? THINK FAST, BRIGHT-EYES!

WE WERE INTERRUPTED BY A LITTLE FUSS-BUDGET WITH A BAG!

DR. CARVIS, IT'S M-MAMIE! DO EVERYTHING YOU CAN FOR HER!

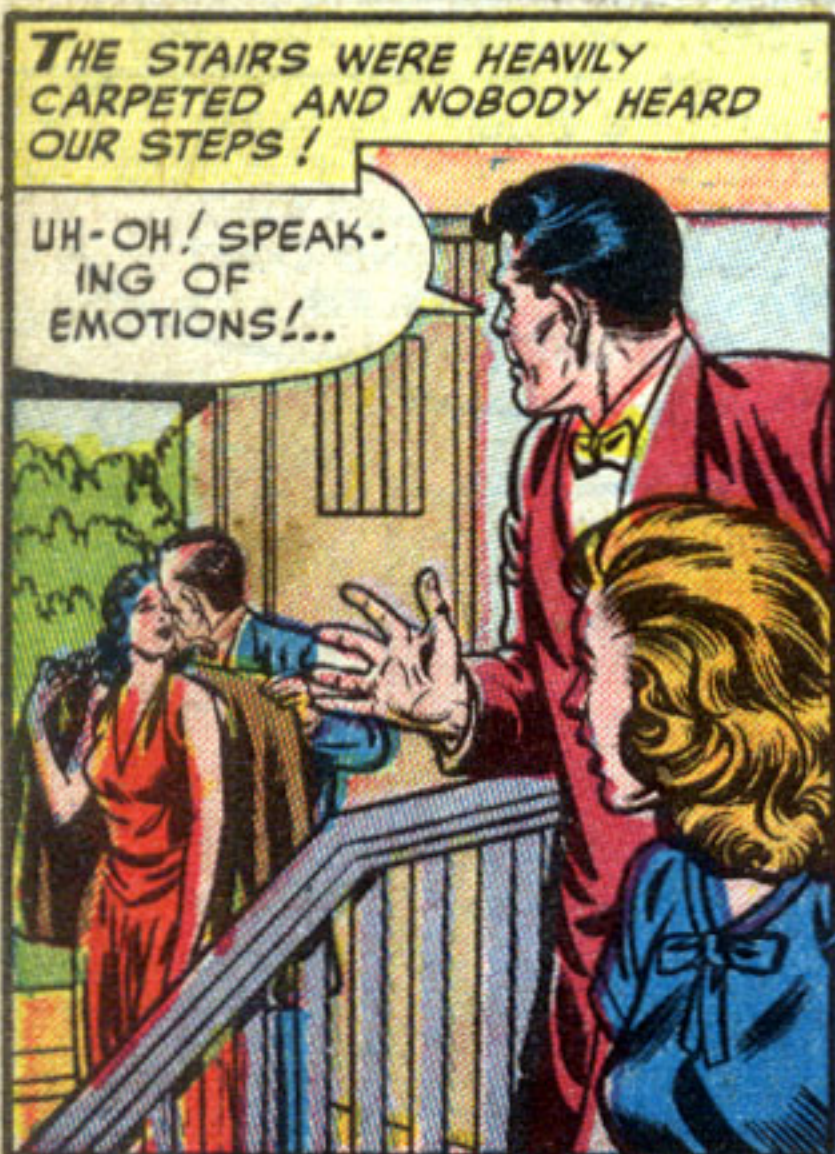
MERCIFUL HEAVENS!



SOMEONE HELP ME GET HER TO HER ROOM!

I'LL HELP! AND WHILE I'M GONE, YOU THINK UP SOME CUTE ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS I'M GOING TO ASK, BUSTER!





JUST THEN A NEW CHARACTER OOZED OUT OF THE DOOR IN FRONT OF US!

OH, SHANNON, MISS DAWSON... MY NEPHEW, RANDOLPH WALTON!

THE DETECTIVE CHARACTER? HOW QUAIN! AND I PRESUME THIS IS HIS...UH... MOLL?

UH-UH-UH! LET'S WAIT AND PIN SOMETHING ON HIM, MOLL! THAT'LL BE MORE FUN!

PLEASE SIT DOWN! WHAT I'VE GOT TO TELL YOU WON'T BE EASY TO SAY OR TO BELIEVE...



I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BURNING OF MAMIE, THE COOK! ORSON LIED TO PROTECT ME, SHANNON! YOU WERE RIGHT... NO GAS EXPLODED!

YOU? NOW WAIT...LET'S PITCH A FEW SLOW BALLS UNTIL I WARM UP ENOUGH TO HANDLE CURVES!

THESE MASKS ARE MY HOBBY, MY PASSION! EVERY ONE IS A GENUINE NATIVE DEVIL MASK! I COLLECTED THEM ALL OVER THE WORLD!

HEAVENS, YES! WE'VE ALL TAGGED DAN INTO THE FILTHIEST HOLES WHILE HE HUNTED HIS SILLY MASKS! THEY'RE FULL OF EVIL, YOU KNOW!

THIS IS JOLLY FUN, BUT WHEN DO WE GET TO THE FRICASSEED FRAULEIN, OLD CHAP?

SOONER THAN YOU THINK! LAST FALL, WE FOUND THIS MASK IN A VOODOO TEMPLE IN THE HEART OF AFRICA!



"I GAVE THEIR PRIESTS A FORTUNE IN PRESENTS, JUST TO BE PERMITTED TO SEE THE MASK OF ZADAR, AS THEY CALLED IT..."

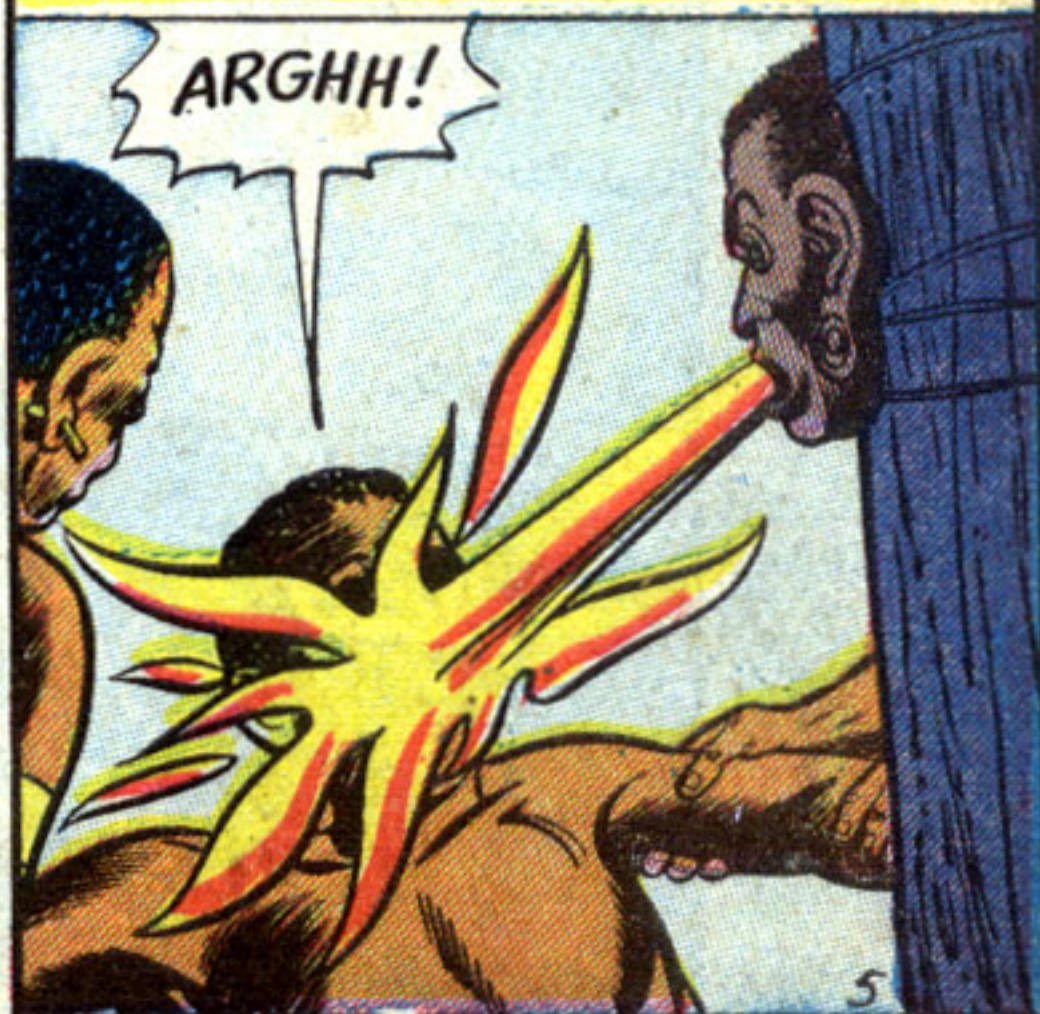
ORSON, I'VE GOT TO HAVE THAT MASK! IT'S UNIQUE!

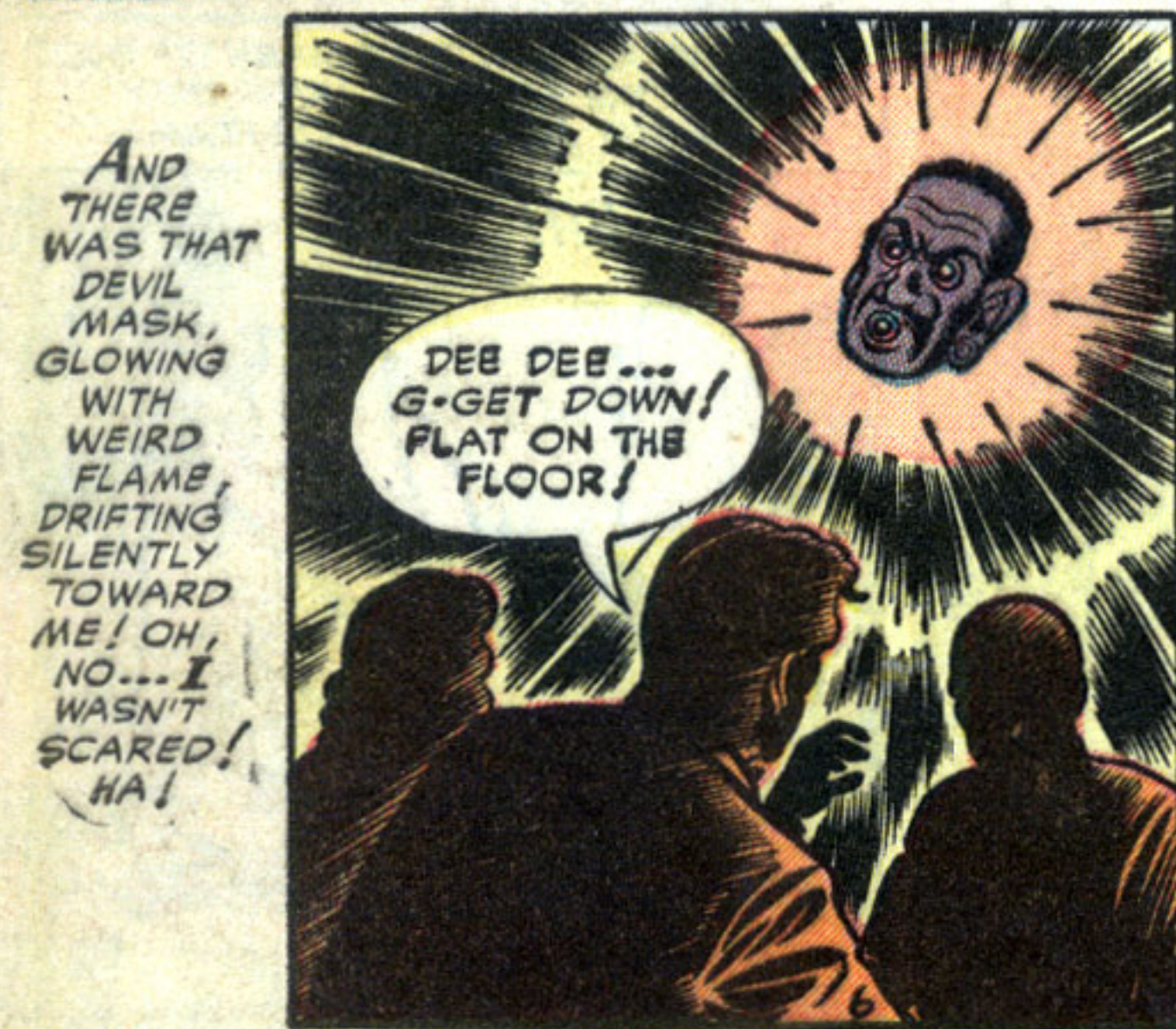
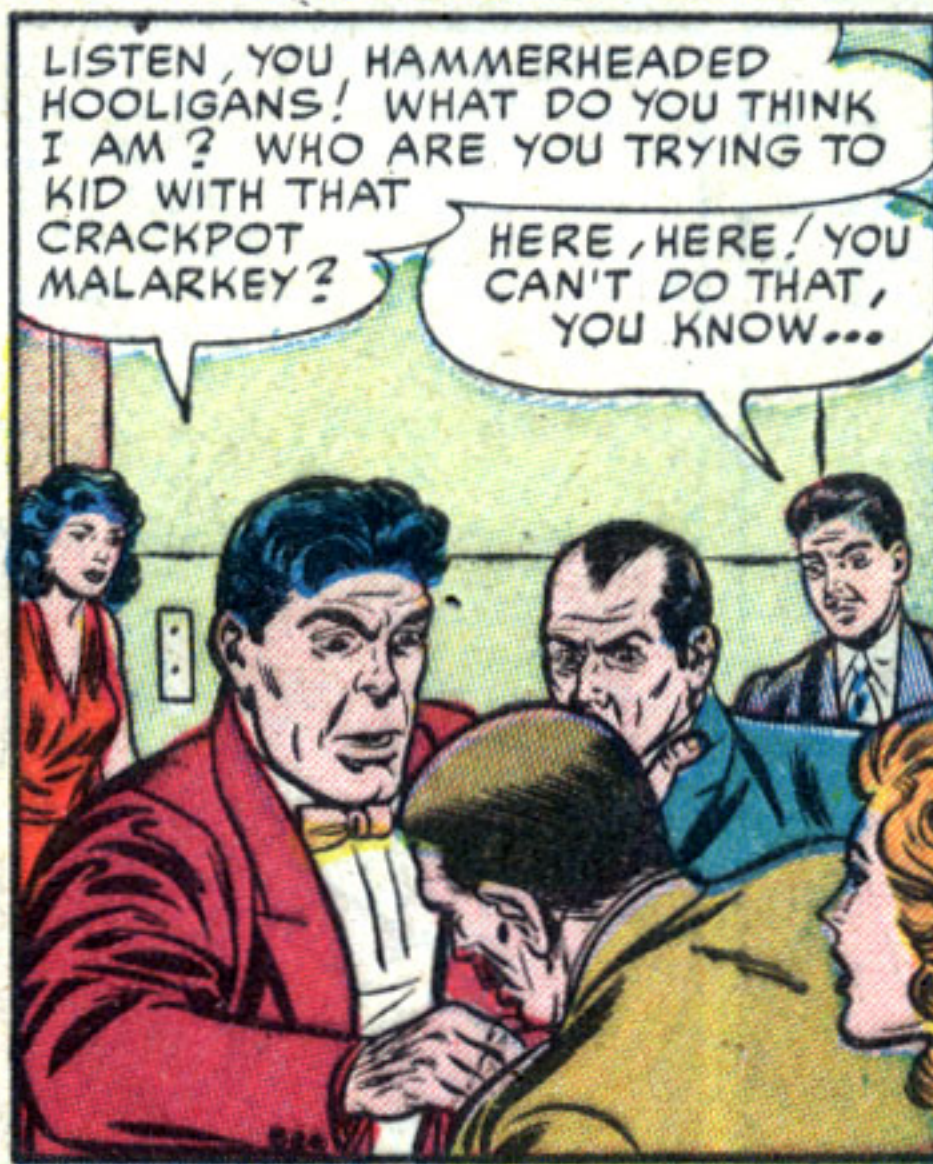
NOT THAT ONE, SIR! IT'S EVIL! WATCH...

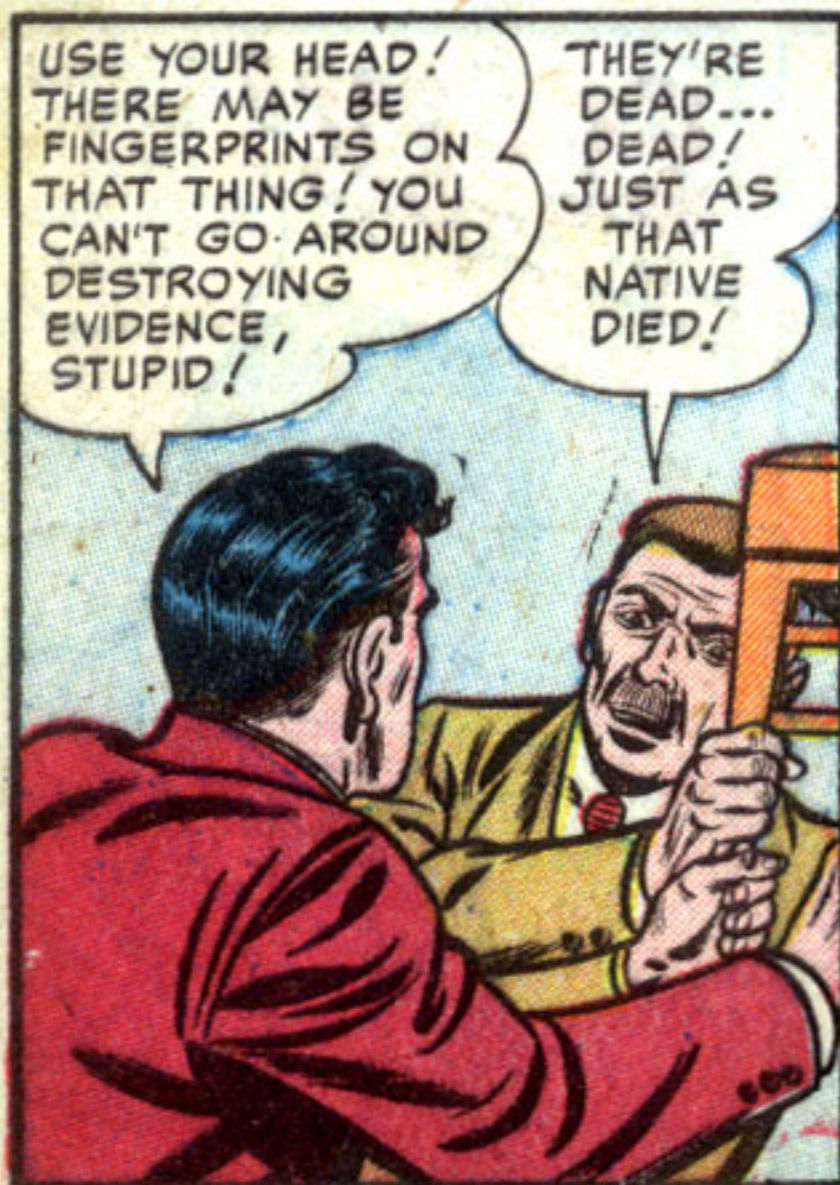
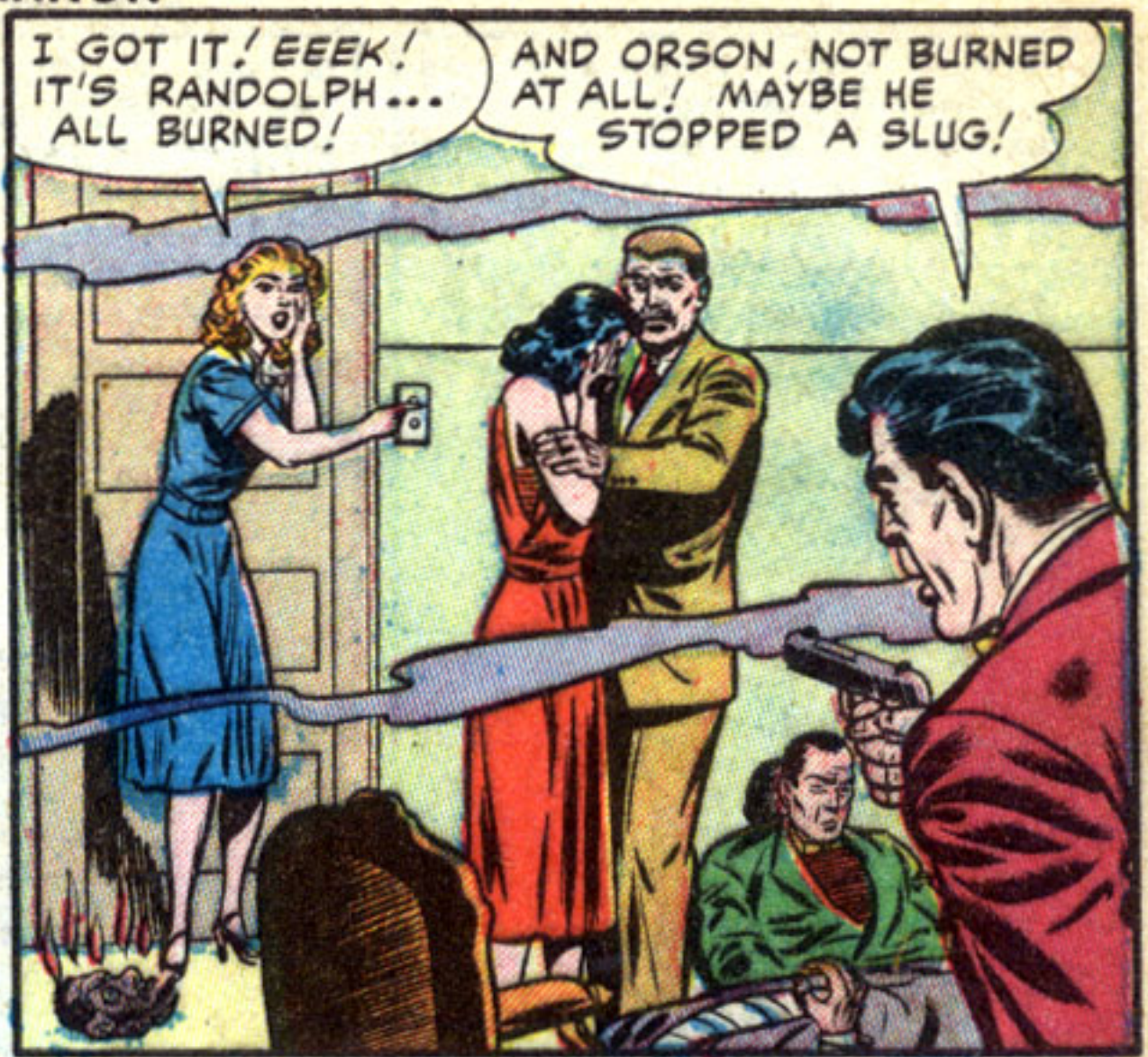
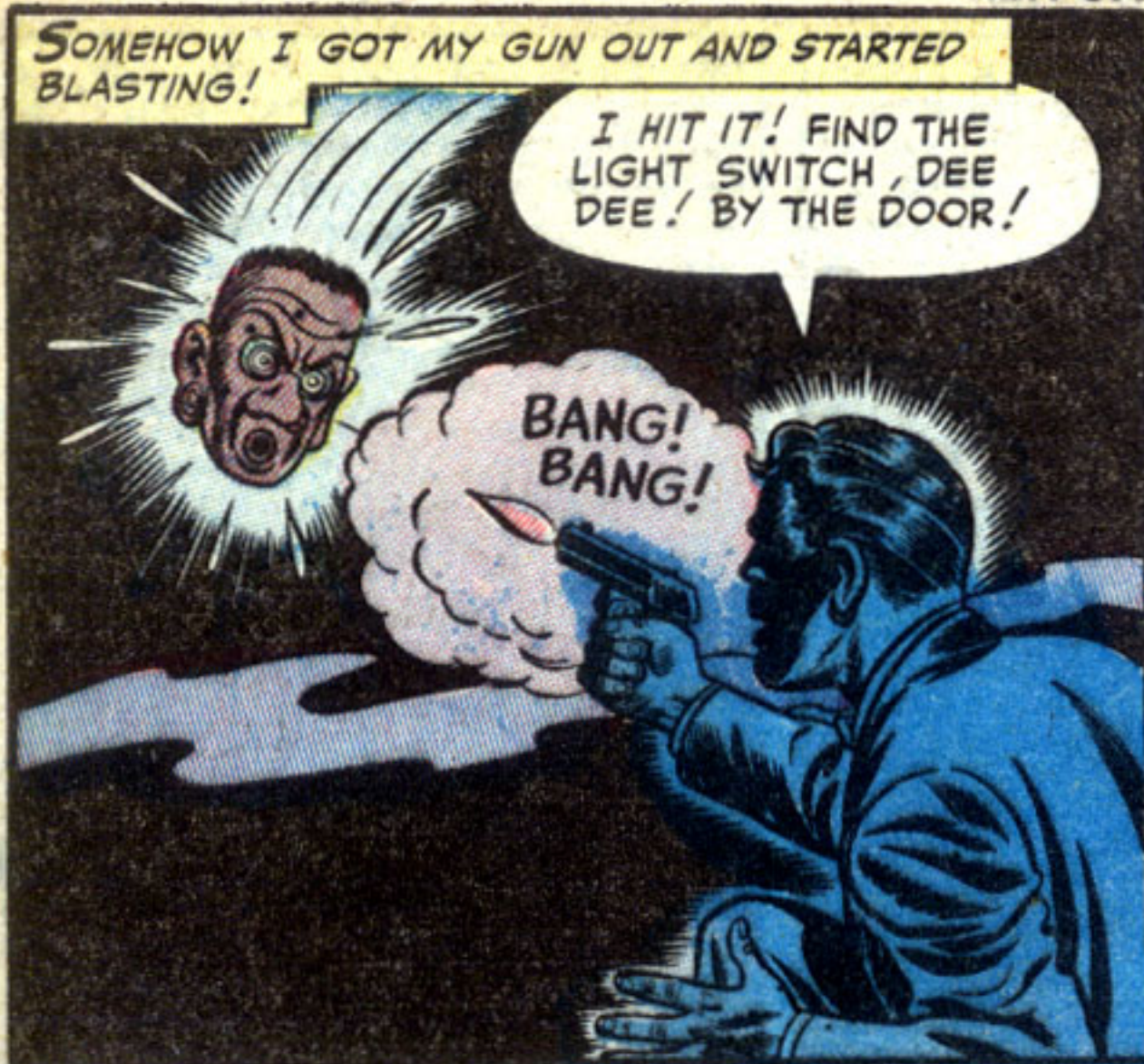


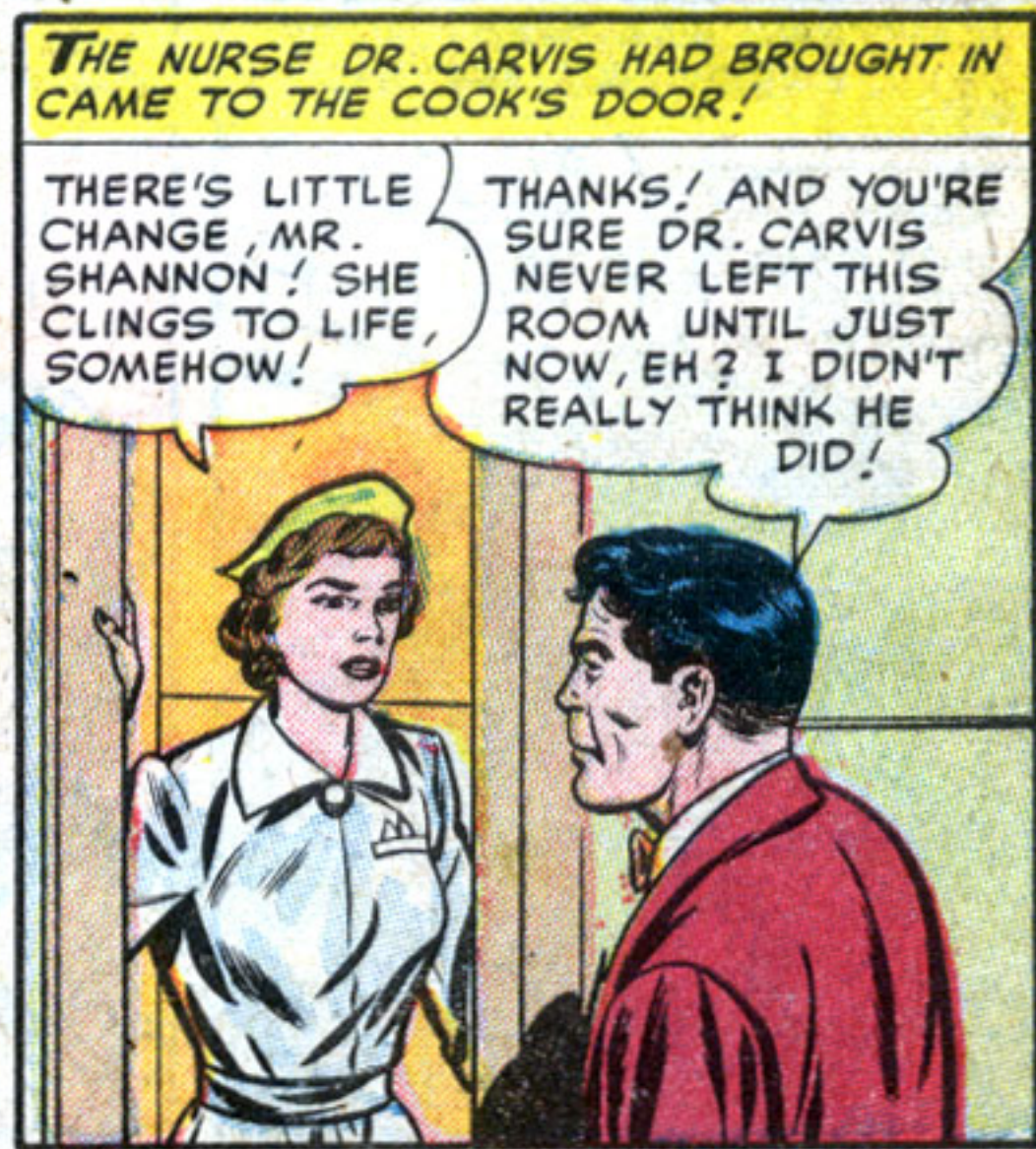
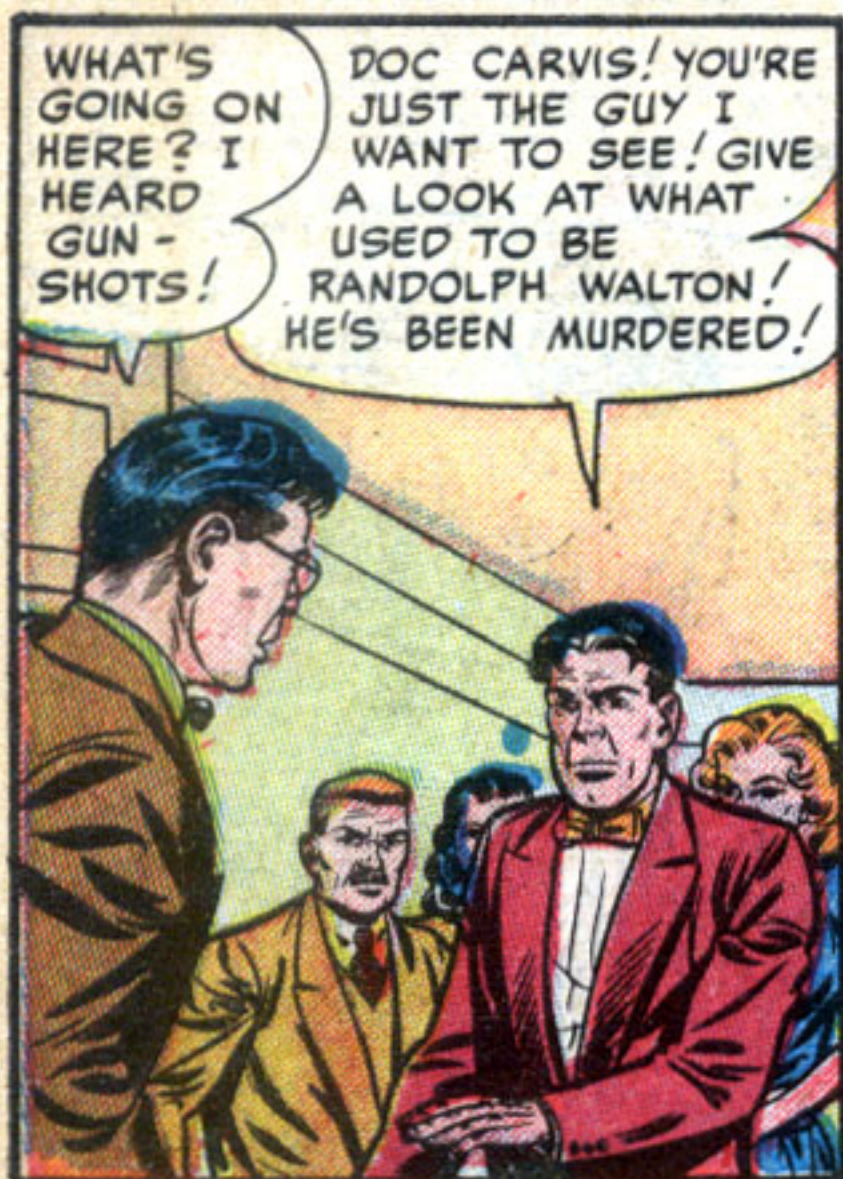
"THEN WE ALL SAW THAT MASK OF WOOD PERFORM THE FRIGHTFUL RITE THEY CALLED THE SACRIFICE OF FLAME!"

ARGHH!





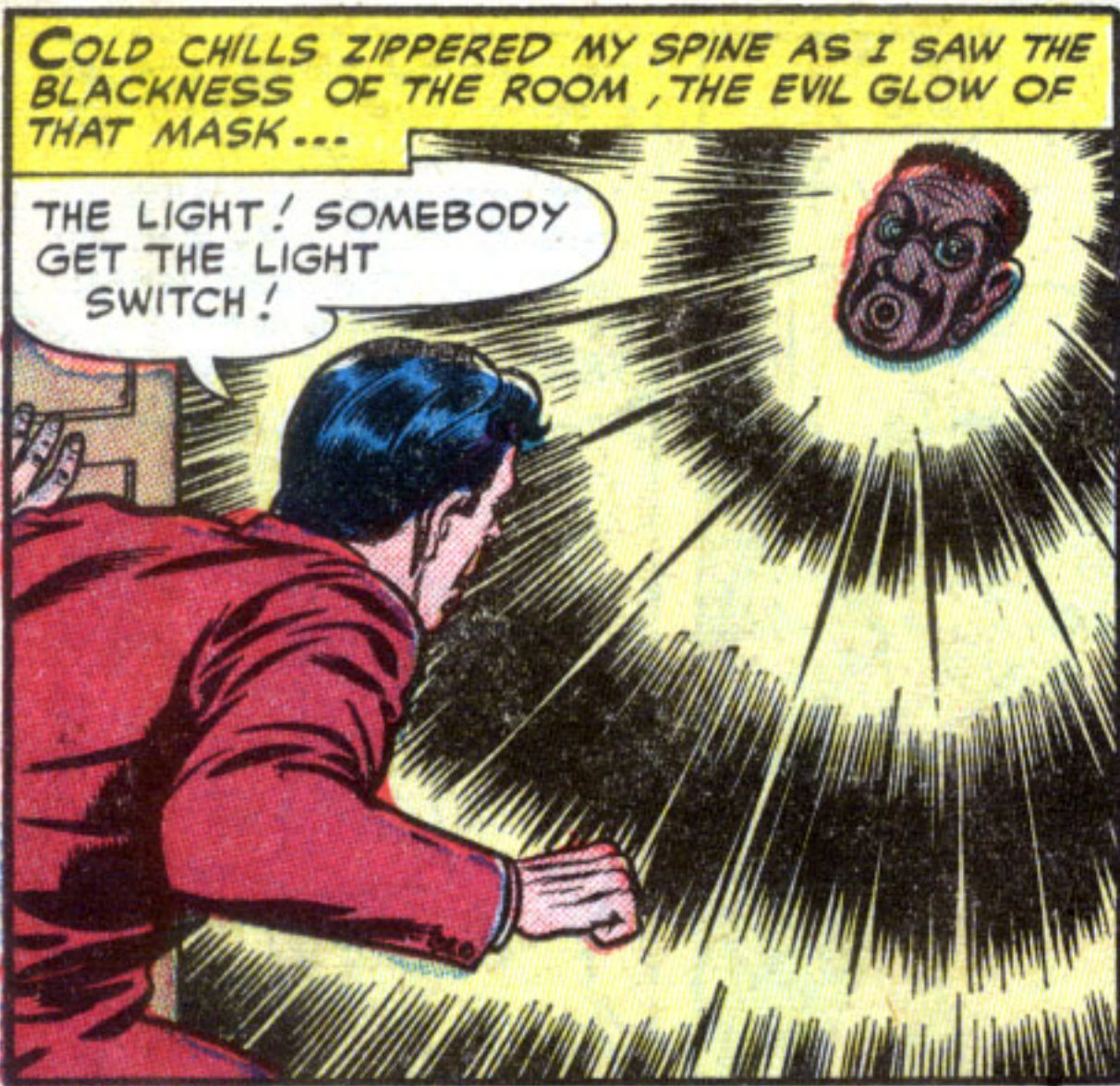




KEN SHANNON

COLD CHILLS ZIPPERED MY SPINE AS I SAW THE BLACKNESS OF THE ROOM, THE EVIL GLOW OF THAT MASK...

THE LIGHT! SOMEBODY GET THE LIGHT SWITCH!



NOT YOU, YOU MURDERING RAT! YOU STAY RIGHT HERE!

OWOOFF!



EEK! ORSON! LET ME AT HIM, KEN!

STAY BACK! HE'S STILL LOADED!



AND I'LL KILL YOU AS I KILLED THOSE OTHERS! I'LL REALLY ENJOY KILLING YOU, SHANNON!

YOU LIKE BURNING THINGS, ORSON! YOU'LL LOVE THE CHAIR WE'VE GOT HOOKED UP WITH ELECTRICITY!



I FELT THE SEARING BREATH TOUCH MY NECK! IN A MOMENT HE'D MOVE IT DOWN AGAINST MY HEAD AND FACE...



ONLY AT THAT MOMENT, DEE DEE SHOT HIM!

THAT'S MY DEE DEE!

AHHH!



LOOK OUT! THOSE AREN'T HEART PILLS! THEY CONTAIN SOME KIND OF FUEL HE CRUSHES IN HIS MOUTH TO GENERATE THE FLAME!

I SHOULD HAVE KILLED YOU IN THE KITCHEN! YOU'VE SPOILED EVERYTHING WE WORKED SO HARD FOR!



I CALLED HOMICIDE, THEN, AND MY PAL, LIEUTENANT ART CLYDE, HEARD WHAT HAD HAPPENED!

YOU IRISH APE! I OUGHTA JUG YOU FOR NOT REPORTING THE MURDER RIGHT AWAY!

DON'T BE A DOPE, ART! I'D HAVE LOOKED CUTE, TELLING YOU A WOODEN MASK DID THE KILLING! I HAD TO SOLVE IT FIRST!

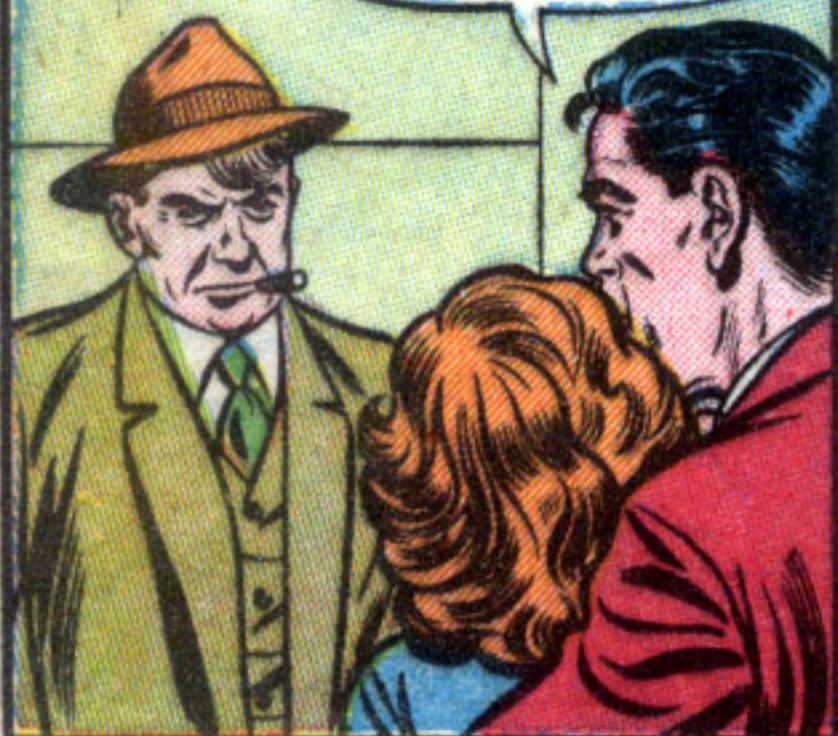


RECOGNIZE THESE TORCHES CIRCUS FIRE EATERS USE, ART? THAT WAS THE TIP-OFF ON ORSON! HE'S AN OLD CARNEY FIRE EATER WHO GOT THE IDEA WHEN HE SAW SOME NATIVE TRICK WITH THE MASK!



OKAY, OKAY! BUT WHAT WAS THE MOTIVE?

MONEY, AS USUAL! WITH WALTON EITHER IN JAIL OR A NUTHOUSE, AND RANDOLPH DEAD, NOMA WOULD COLLECT ALL THE FAMILY FORTUNE!



NOMA'S BEEN HIS PLAYMATE FOR YEARS, I'LL BET! SHE TURNED OFF THE LIGHTS FOR HIS MURDERS! SHE'S EQUALLY GUILTY!

YOU CAN'T PROVE IT! JUST BECAUSE YOU SAW ME KISS ORSON...



WE'LL BREAK ORSON DOWN AND NAIL THEM BOTH! BUT WHAT ABOUT THE COOK?

PROBABLY SHE CAUGHT THOSE TWO SMOOCHING AND THEY HAD TO SHUT HER UP! IT'S ONLY A GUESS, OF COURSE, BUT LOGICAL!



THERE YOU ARE, ART, MY BOY! SHANNON SOLVES ANOTHER CASE!

OH, YOU'RE A MASTERMIND! BUT TELL ME, GENIUS...



...WHICH CLIENT FOOTS THE BILLS FOR YOUR BRAIN WORK THIS TIME?

OWOOO! I FORGOT TO HIRE MYSELF TO ANY OF THEM!



ME AND MY MASSIVE INTELLECT!

NEVER MIND, KENNY BOY! I THINK YOU'RE SLIGHTLY TERRIFIC!



HANDCUFFED

THE screeching whine of police sirens could be heard converging from all directions toward the deserted warehouse in the industrial section of the city. A general alert had been sounded. A killer was at large.

It had been at about four o'clock on this calm and peaceful Sunday afternoon when Patrolman Regan had discovered an open door to one of the large drug storage houses. Drawing his revolver, he had entered the warehouse to investigate and, creeping stealthily, had come upon a character called The Cat, a known dope addict. The Cat had managed to break open the vault where the narcotics were kept and was so absorbed in taking a shot to ease his frantic urge that Regan had no trouble slipping up on him and making the arrest. Regan had snapped a handcuff on The Cat's right wrist and, holding the other end in his hand, had led him out of the warehouse to the police box on the corner.

The dispatcher at the station had been suddenly startled when Regan's report and a request for a patrol car had been interrupted by a scream—and then dead silence. He immediately ordered the nearest patrol car to investigate. But when car 109, with Sergeant Moody and Policeman James had approached the location, they had seen the prostrate form of Regan lying beside the call box. Obviously dying, Regan had told how The Cat had suddenly jerked free and struck him over the head with the handcuff. The blow had stunned Regan and, with savage fury, The Cat had then seized the officer's gun and shot him. Then, stripping the spare ammunition, the crook had snarled into Regan's face that he would not be taken alive.

Officers Moody and James, knowing that this had all taken place in a comparatively short time, had called for the general alert, feeling sure that the killer was still in the neighborhood and still armed and ready to kill again. That's why sirens and cars were coming from all directions.

Captain Blaine pulled up and, by means of the two-way radio communication, organized the police cordon around the area where the killer was suspected of hiding. Police started patrolling and closing in on all exits to the particular spot. They knew that, somewhere in their midst, lurked the killer. At any moment, a shot might resound that would mean the death of any one of them. The hunt narrowed down to a comparatively open space—a few small buildings and a large yard used for the accumulation and sale of scrap metal. A junk yard.

Suddenly there was a burst of gunfire and the figure of the killer could be seen making a snaking, running dash toward the junk yard. He seemed to be a charmed man as bullets plowed dirt up around him. He reached the center of the yard and found for himself a veritable fort. The scrap metal had been piled in such a way that it offered him complete protection and left room for him in its center to operate for the siege. No bullet could penetrate that pile yet he could defend himself at all times. And time was in his favor. The sun was beginning to set and darkness might give him the break he was looking for. To approach him was almost certain death.

Captain Blaine, controlling the operation, was shouting pleas to the killer to come out and give himself up. But these were answered with yells of defiance. The hunt had reached a stalemate. Would it mean death for one or more of the officers or escape for the killer?

"Captain," said Policeman James, a rookie, "if you'll give orders to cover me until I can reach that crane, I think I can bring out that killer."

The captain looked down the yard and saw the huge crane that was used for loading the metal. Attached to the ends of its lines was the electromagnet that picked up the junk. Turning to James he said, "It might be a chance. But it'll take hours to move all that metal. But go ahead and try."

An ordered burst of fire from the opposite side enabled James to gain the vantage for the time being and reach the crane and get the motor started. Suddenly the long arm of the crane began to move and the magnet swung high overhead and then began to lower into the middle of the pit where the killer was hiding. Then there was a maddening scream. The magnet on the crane started to rise into the air and the figure of a man seemed to be attached to it. The Cat struggled to free himself and to use his gun. But the gun was glued firmly to the magnet, as was the handcuff around his wrist. It held him firmly.

Slowly the crane lowered The Cat into a group of waiting police.

Captain Blaine walked up to meet James. "That was a great piece of work," he said, "and it should earn you a promotion. That was quick thinking."

"Not so quick," grinned rookie cop James. "Don't give me too much credit, Captain. You see, it's just like my dad always told me when I was a kid—there's more than one way to skin a Cat."

ANGLES O'DAY

MY PORTRAIT....
YOU'VE PAINTED ME
AS A-A **CORPSE!**

HEH-HEH! DON'T WORRY,
MR. O'DAY... WE'LL SOON
HAVE YOU LOOKING
**EXACTLY LIKE YOUR
PORTRAIT!**

ANGLES O'DAY DELVES INTO THE ART
WORLD AND ENCOUNTERS THE NEW
AND DEADLY TECHNIQUE OF **IVAN
ZELD**, WHOSE FIENDISH PORTRAITS
WERE TRULY PAINTED BY THE
HAND OF THE DEVIL!

POPO'S POOL PARLOR, HOME, HANGOUT AND HEAD-
QUARTERS OF ANGLES O'DAY, ASTIGMATIC PRIVATE EYE...

DROP YOUR KNITTING,
SHAGMORE! I JUST
GOT A RUSH CALL
FROM WYLIE VALDERMEER!
HE WANTS TO SEE ME
RIGHT AWAY! IT LOOKS
LIKE SOMETHING BIG!

RIGHT, ANGLES!
SORRY, BOYS...
GOTTA RUN!

HAH! I'LL
BET YOU
TWO COOKED
UP THIS
ALIBI JUST
TO QUIT
WHILE YOU
ARE AHEAD!

WHAT'S THE
DEAL, PAL?
WHO IS THIS
VALDERMEER
GUY?

HE'S THE ART CRITIC
FOR THE TIMES NEWS!
ARTISTS LIVE OR DIE
BY HIS REVIEWS!
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT
WHAT HE WANTS!



LATER, AT VALDERMEER'S HOME...

BEFORE I REVEAL MY PROBLEM, MR O'DAY, LET ME FILL IN THE BACKGROUND DETAILS:... RECENTLY I GAVE AN ARTIST NAMED, **IVAN ZELD** A BAD REVIEW IN MY COLUMN! HE WAS QUITE UPSET AND ASKED FOR A CHANCE TO PROVE HIS ABILITY BY PAINTING MY PORTRAIT! I FINALLY CONSENTED TO SIT FOR HIM! BUT WHEN THE PAINTING WAS COMPLETED I STILL WAS NOT IMPRESSED BY HIS ABILITY! HE LEFT IN A RAGE WITH THE PORTRAIT AND I THOUGHT LITTLE MORE OF IT... **UNTIL LAST NIGHT...**

WILLIAM, THE LIGHT!

WH-? YOUR FACE!... IT-IT'S **GREEN!**

IT CAME OVER ME LAST NIGHT, JUST AS THOUGH SOMEONE WAS **PAINTING MY FACE!** I'M SURE IVAN ZELD IS BEHIND IT, SOMEHOW! I CALLED THE POLICE BUT THEY JUST LAUGHED AT ME... SAID IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMETHING I ATE!

YOU MUST GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS BEFORE I GO **MAD!**

FRANKLY, MR VALDERMEER, I'M INCLINED TO AGREE WITH THE POLICE, BUT YOU'RE THE BOSS! WHERE CAN I LOCATE IVAN ZELD?

SOON...

HERE'S THE ADDRESS MR. VALDERMEER GAVE US, BUT NOBODY'S IN!

HMM...GIMME A BOOST, SHAGGY! LET'S SEE HOW THE VIEW IS OVER THE TRANSOM!

JUMPIN' JUNO!

WHAT IS IT, ANGLES? HUH? WHADDA YOU SEE?

WYLIE VALDERMEER'S PORTRAIT... **PAINTED-OVER IN GREEN!**

L-L-LET'S NOT ASK! LET'S JUST **SCRAM!**

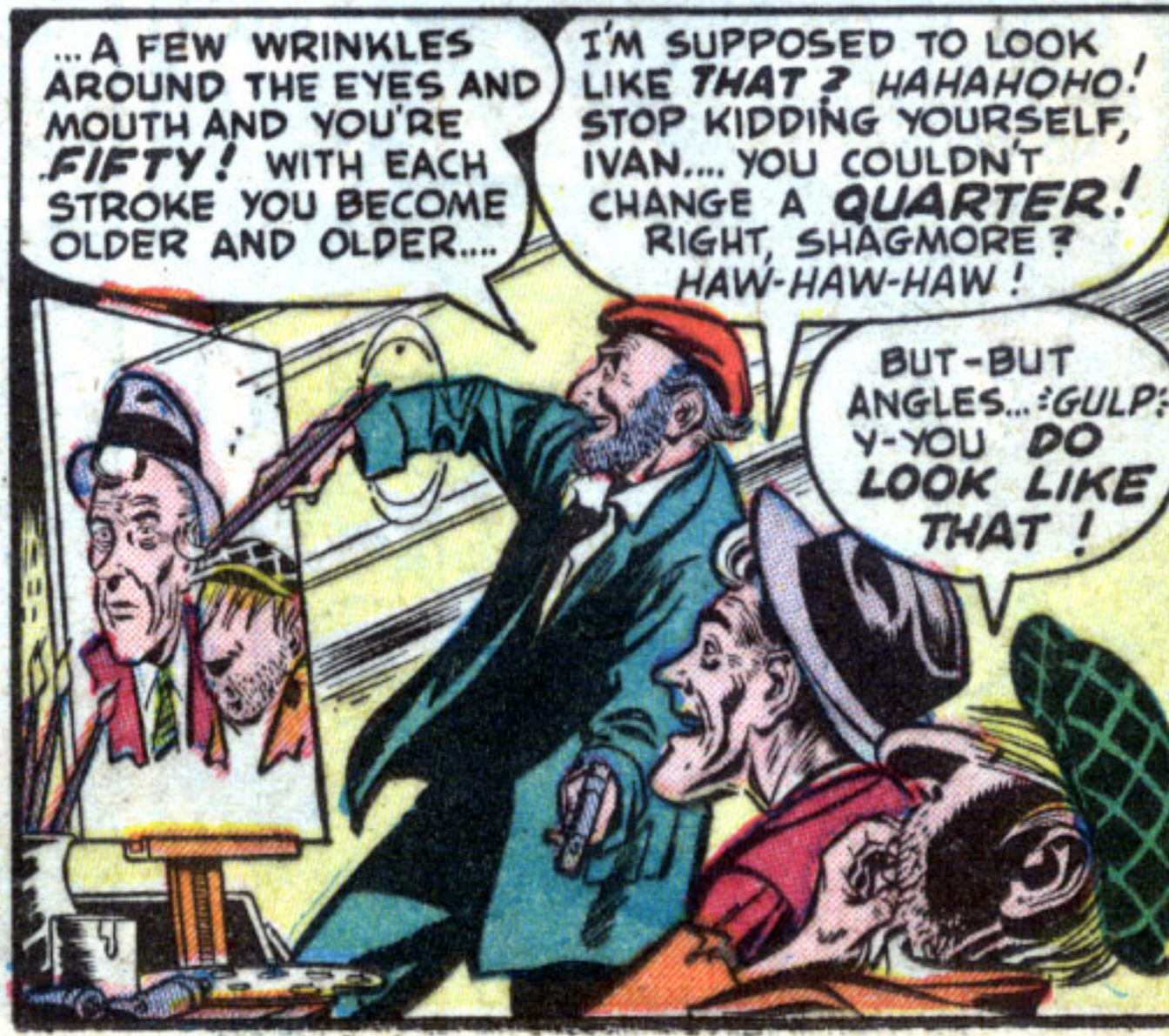
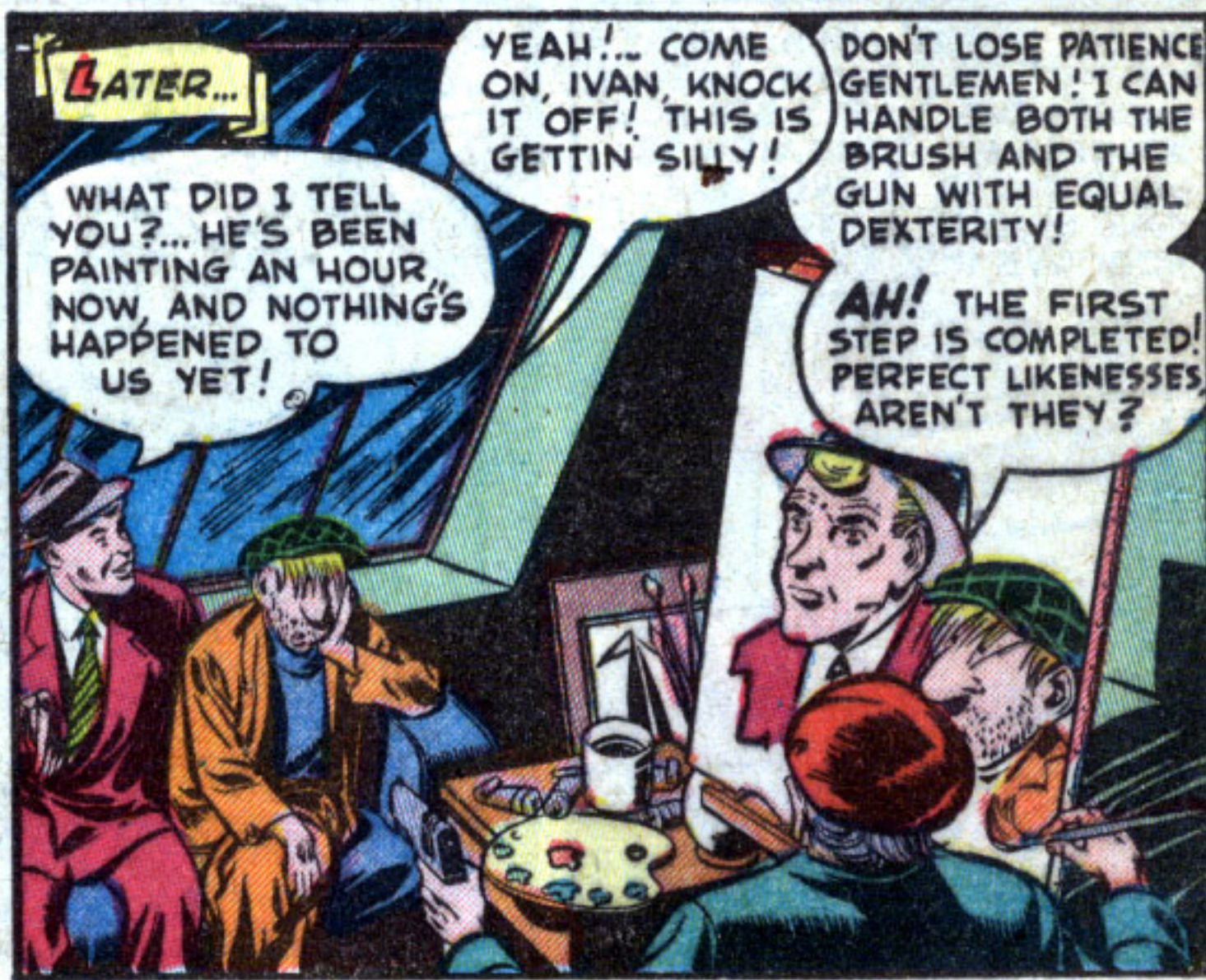
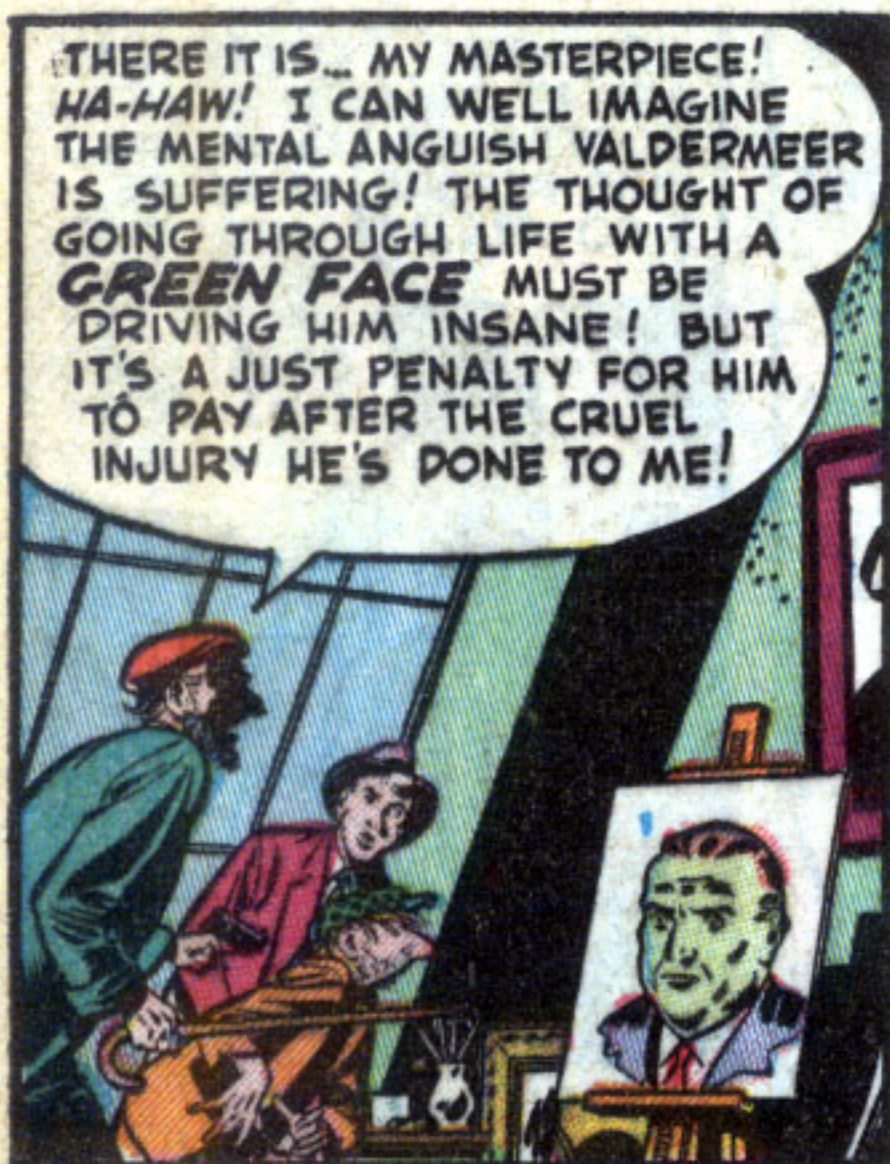
IT'S UNCANNY!... HOW COULD IVAN ZELD CHANGE A MAN'S COLOR MERELY BY DRAWING A PICTURE?

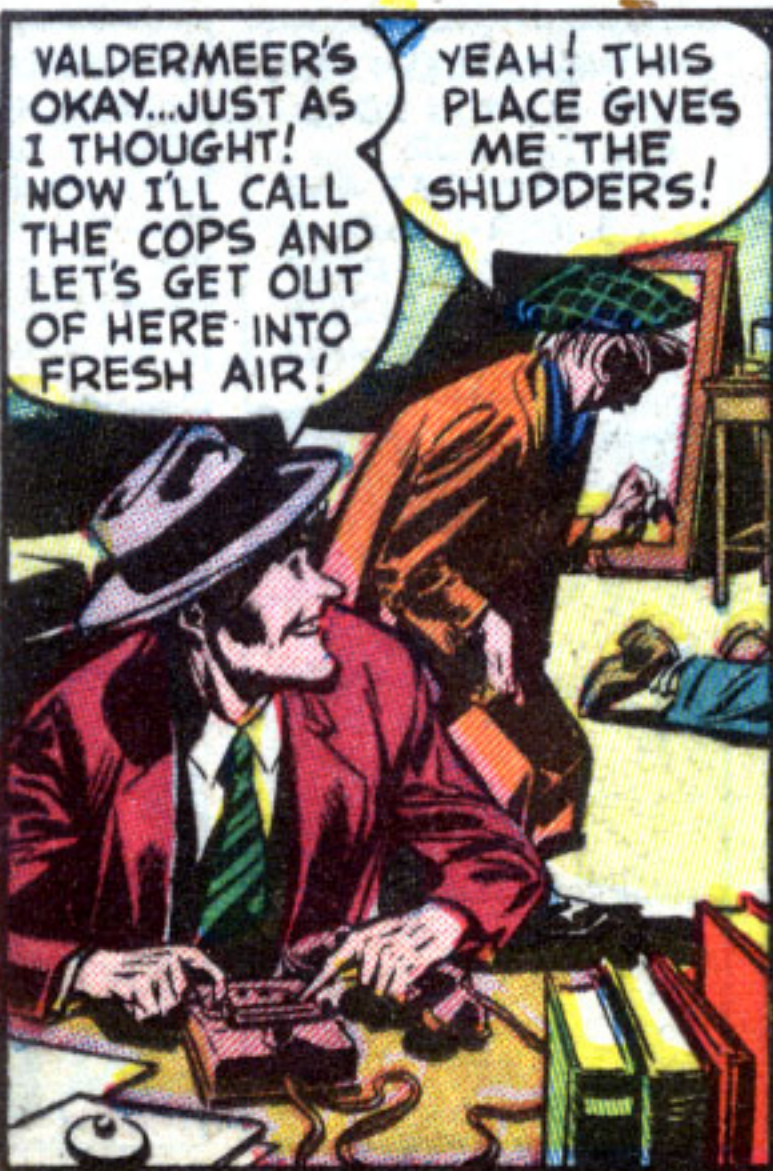
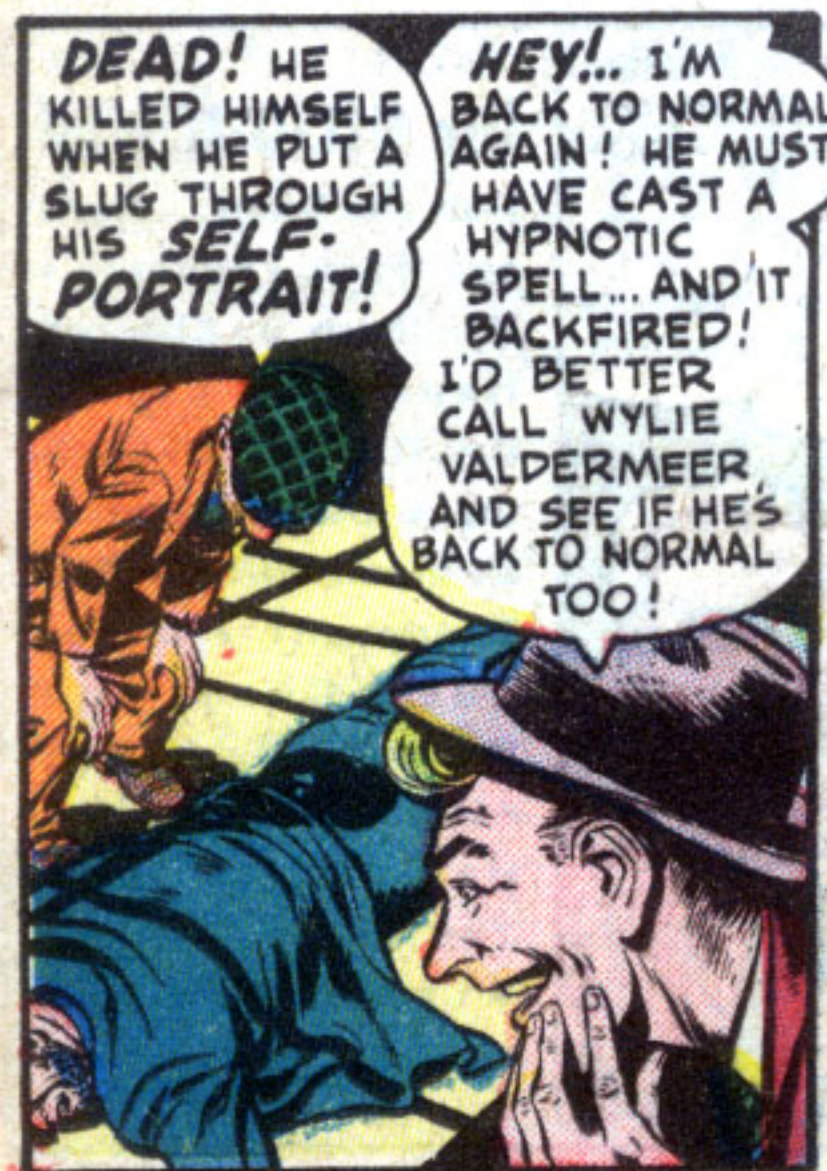
WELL, WELL! A COUPLE OF ART CONNOISSEURS, NO DOUBT!

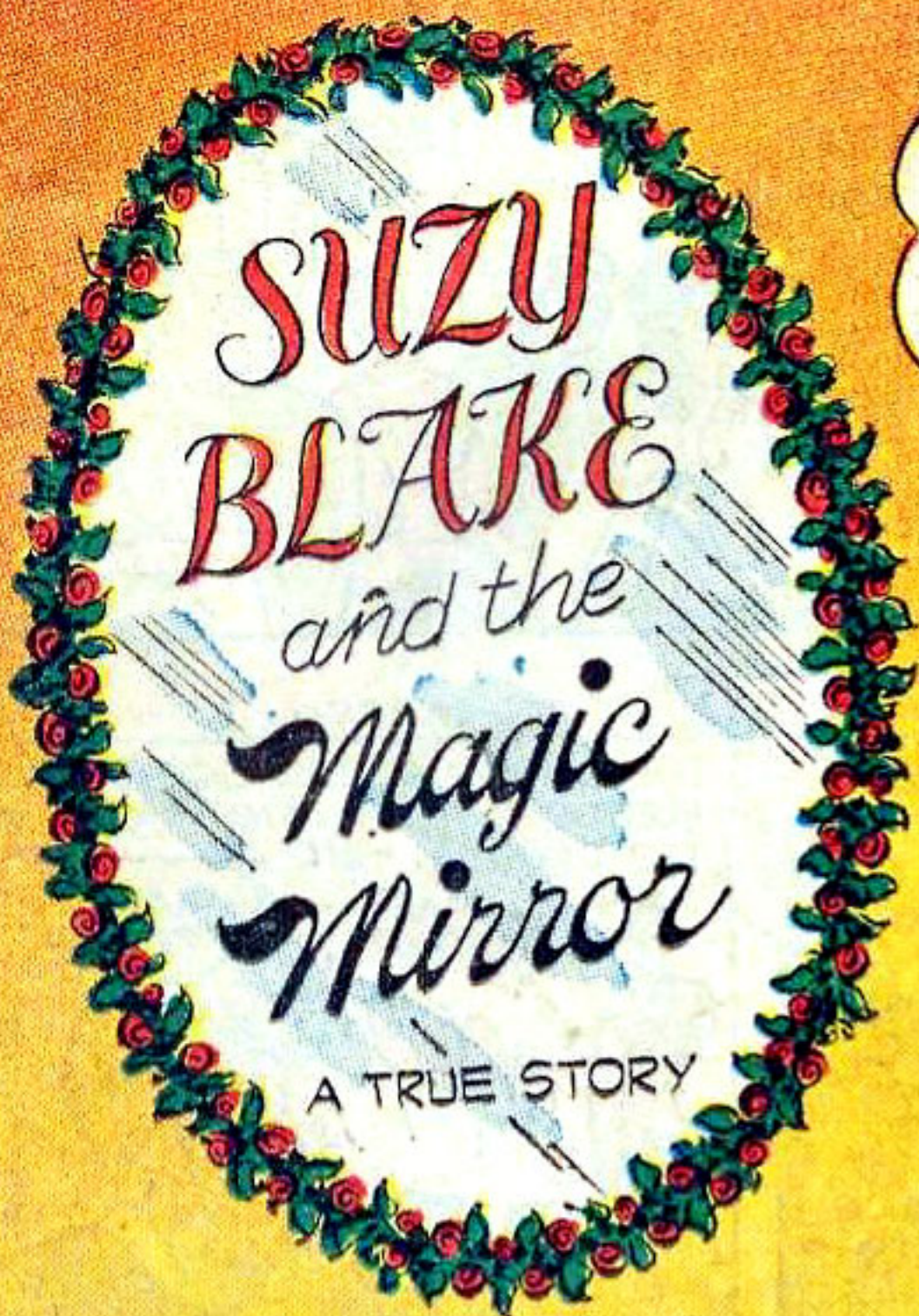
WHA...?

SINCE YOU'RE SO INTERESTED IN MY WORK, WON'T YOU COME INSIDE FOR A CLOSER INSPECTION?

!ULP! IT'S HARD TO TURN DOWN AN INVITATION LIKE THAT!







DICK DRAKE ASKED ME
TO THE PROM SATURDAY-
BUT I CAN'T POSSIBLY GO!
JUST LOOK AT MY STRINGY
HAIR-MY DRIED OUT SKIN...
I'M A MESS!

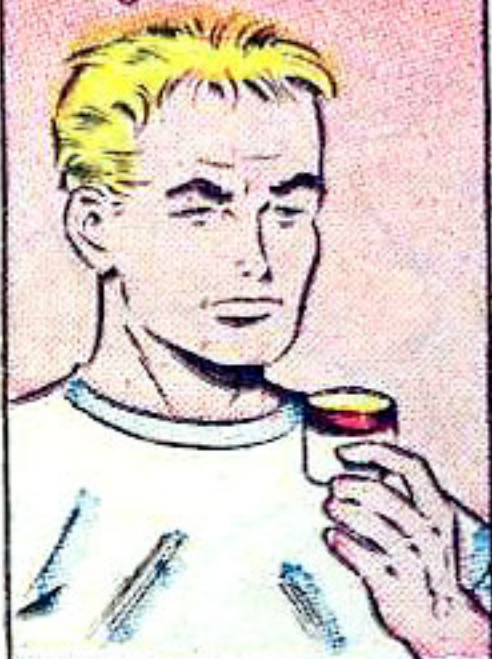
LISTEN, SUZY, I'LL
TELL YOU IN A
JIFF HOW YOU
CAN BECOME A
REAL GLAMOUR
GIRL!



**DICK
DRAKE**

DISCOVERS
NIL-O-NAL'S
3-MINUTE
MAGIC

THE GIRLS CALL ME
'WILD MAN FROM
BORNEO' BECAUSE
MY HAIR WON'T STAY
COMBED! MAYBE
NIL-O-NAL IS
THE ANSWER!



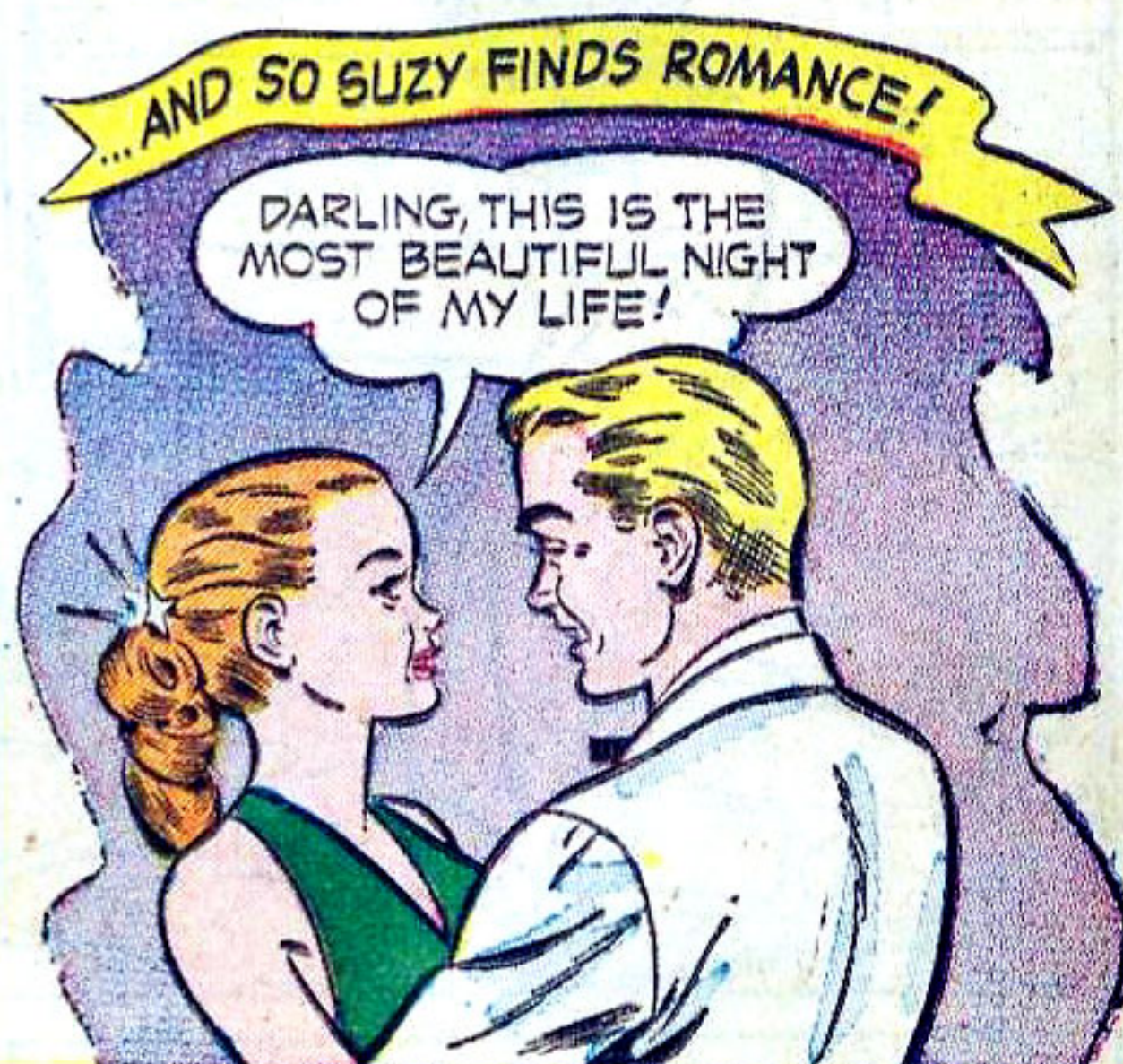
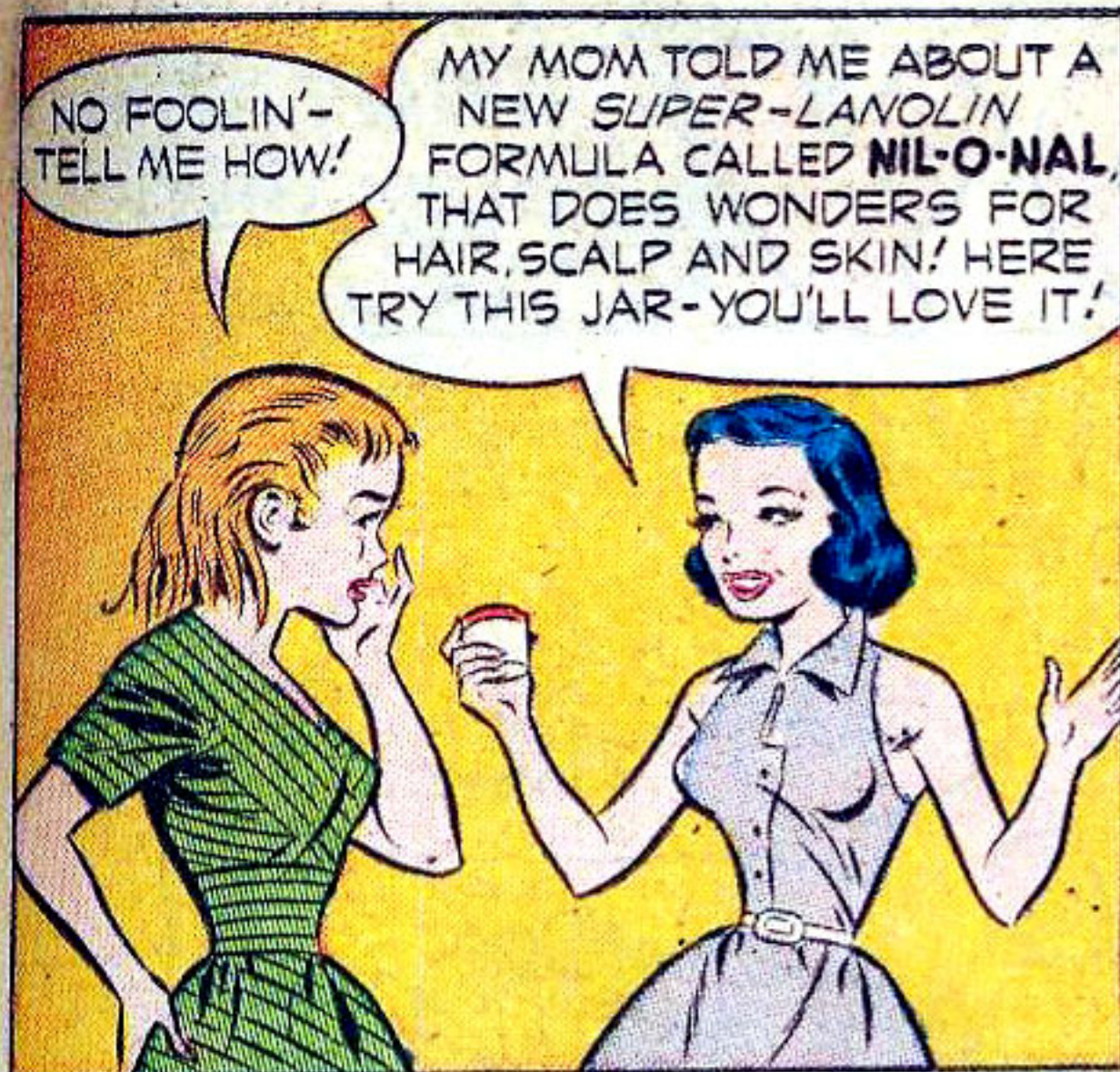
SAY! THIS REALLY FEELS
GOOD! ALL YOU DO IS
RUB IT IN FOR 3
SHORT MINUTES AND
THE SUPER-LANOLIN
FORMULA WORKS DEEP
DOWN... REVITALIZES
BOTH THE HAIR AND
THE SCALP!



OFF ON ANOTHER DATE!
MISTER, NIL-O-NAL IS
REALLY TORNADO-PROOF!
WHY-YOUR HAIR STAYS
SMOOTH WITHOUT THAT
'PLASTERED LOOK' ALL
DAY LONG-AND THROUGH
A BIG NIGHT OF DANCING-
TOO!



Use NIL-O-N/L for
Hair and Scalp... Curls
and Waves • Sunburn •
Windburn • Chapped
Hands and Lips •
Dry, Rough Skin • Chaf-
ing • Burning Feet •
Dish-pan Hands • Mild
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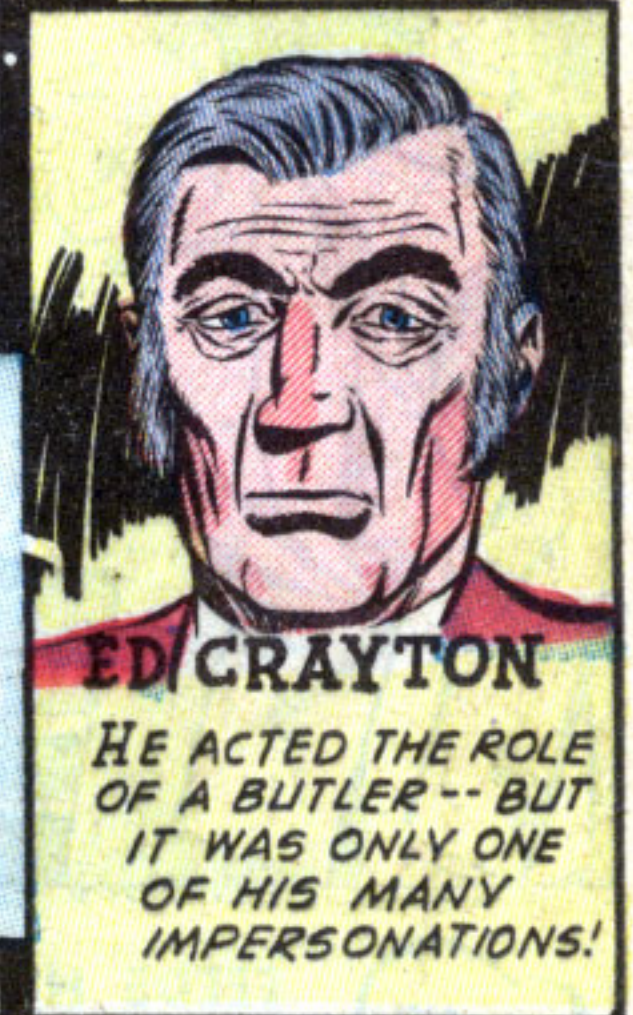
☐ Enclosed is cash, check or money order for \$2.40. ☐ \$6.00 for Economy Offer. ☐ Send prepaid.

Ken Shannon



I WELCOMED A JOB PLAYING BODY-GUARD FOR A NIGHT TO A PRICELESS RUBY NECKLACE! IT SOUNDED LIKE A CHANGE OF PACE FOR ME -- A NICE, SIMPLE, RELAXING WAY OF EARNING A FEW SPARE SHEKELS! BUT BEFORE I WAS FINISHED, I FOUND OUT WHY THEY CALLED IT THE

NECKLACE OF BLOOD

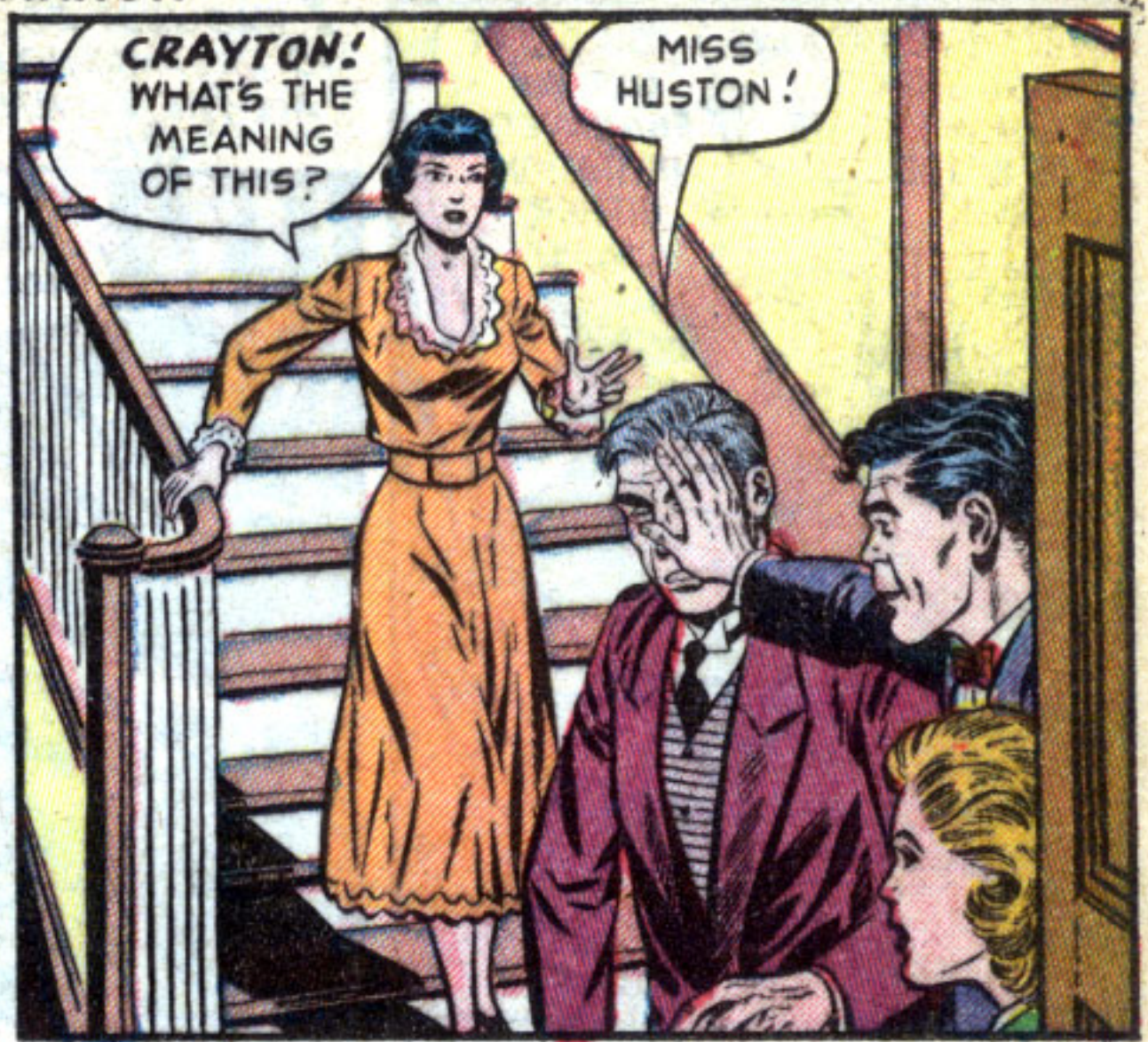


ONE GOOD THING ABOUT BEING A PRIVATE EYE IS THAT YOU MINGLE WITH THE UPPER CRUST! THERE WAS THE TIME I SHOWED UP AT THE MONUMENT THAT CHARLOTTE HUSTON, THE MILLIONAIRESS, CALLED HOME...



KEN SHANNON

THE BIG APE TRIED TO SLAM THE DOOR IN MY FACE!
BUT I GOT MY FOOT IN THE WAY!



CHARLOTTE HUSTON LED THE WAY TO A WALL SAFE IN THE LIBRARY! AND SHE TOOK OUT THE BIGGEST RUBY NECKLACE I'D EVER SEEN!



OUTSIDE OF FEELING A LITTLE STIFF IN MY HIRED TUXEDO, I WAS HAVING A PRETTY GOOD TIME AT THE BALL THAT NIGHT! BUT, THEN, SOMEONE CAUGHT MY EYE!



KEN SHANNON

&!!? I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THEY'D PLANT A PRIVATE EYE IN THE CROWD!

YOU DIDN'T GET AN ENGRAVED INVITATION, EITHER, LOUIE!



I WAS JUST ROCKING LOUIE OFF TO DREAMLAND WHEN SUDDENLY ALL THE LIGHTS IN THE PLACE CLICKED OUT!



WHA--? SOMEONE TURNED OFF THE MASTER SWITCH!

EEEE! MY NECKLACE!

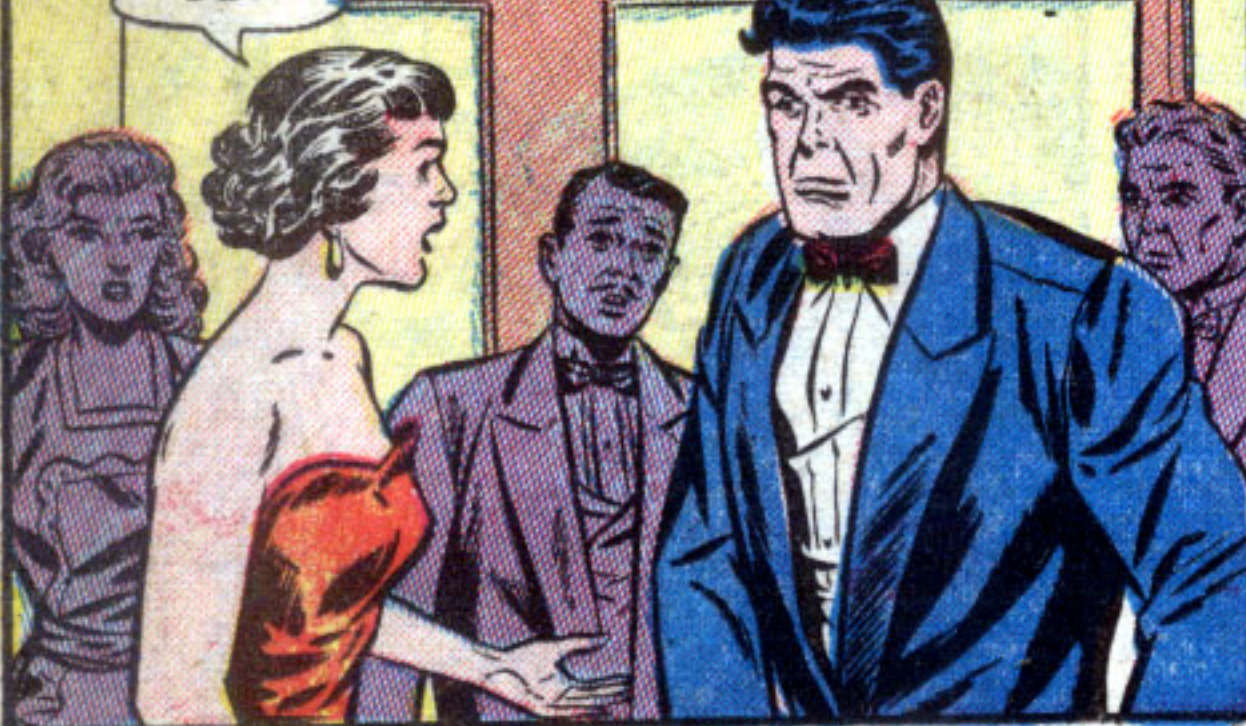
CHARLOTTE HUSTON'S VOICE! AND FROM THE WAY SHE'S SOUNDING OFF, THE WORST HAS HAPPENED!



I WAS RIGHT! BY THE TIME THE LIGHTS CAME ON, CHARLOTTE HUSTON WAS NEAR Hysteria!

MY RUBY NECKLACE IS GONE! SOMEBODY SNATCHED IT FROM MY THROAT AFTER THE LIGHTS WENT OUT!

CAN YOU TELL ME WHO WAS STANDING NEARBY?



I CAN TELL YOU WHO **WASN'T**, MR. SHANNON! **YOU!** I HIRED YOU TO GUARD THAT NECKLACE! BUT YOU DIDN'T DO A THING TO PREVENT THE ROBBERY!

WE'LL CALL IN THE POLICE, AND HAVE THEM SEARCH EVERYBODY IN THE PLACE!



I DIDN'T REALLY HAVE MUCH HOPE OF FINDING THE NECKLACE THAT EASILY! WHOEVER MADE OFF WITH IT WAS FAR TOO SLICK AN OPERATOR TO BE CAUGHT WITH THE EVIDENCE DANGLING OUT OF HIS POCKET! THE NEXT DAY I WENT TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS MYSELF WITH DEE DEE AND ASKED MY PAL, ART CLYDE FOR A LOOK AT THE ROGUE'S GALLERY!

IF I DON'T COME UP WITH SOME KIND OF LEAD TO THAT CROOK, I'LL BE OUT OF BUSINESS!

SAY, KEN, LOOK AT THIS, WILL YOU?



DOESN'T THIS FACE LOOK FAMILIAR?

I'LL SAY IT DOES! I'D NEVER FORGET THAT PUSS! IT'S CRAYTON THE BUTLER--ALIAS EDWARD SIMMS--AND HE'S WANTED FOR JEWEL SMUGGLING!



KEN SHANNON

BY THE TIME WE GOT TO CHARLOTTE HUSTON'S HOME, OUR PIGEON HAD FLOWN THE COOP!

CRAYTON LEFT SOME-
TIME DURING THE
NIGHT, YOU SAY?
ANY IDEA WHERE
HE WENT?

NONE WHATSOEVER! I WAS
GOING TO CALL THE POLICE!
IT OCCURRED TO ME AT
ONCE THAT CRAYTON MUST
BE THE MAN WHO STOLE
MY NECKLACE!



MIND IF WE TAKE A
LOOK AROUND IN HIS
ROOM BEFORE THE
POLICE ARRIVE? WE
MIGHT FIND A CLUE
TO HIS WHEREABOUTS!

I DOUBT IT!
ALL HIS
BELONGINGS
ARE MISSING!



CRAYTON
-- ALIAS
EDWARD
SIMMS --
HAD
CLEANED
OUT HIS
ROOM,
ALL RIGHT!
BUT
HE
OVER-
LOOKED
ONE
ITEM!

A CALLING CARD! MUST
HAVE FALLEN OUT OF HIS
TROUSERS WHEN HE TOOK
THEM DOWN FOR PACKING!
THERE'S A PHONE NUMBER
SCRAWLED ON THE
BACK!



A LITTLE CHECKING WITH THE PHONE
COMPANY ELICITED SOME INTERESTING INFORMATION!

THAT'S THE NUMBER OF THE
COSMO HOTEL! MY GUESS
IS THAT CRAYTON CALLED
FOR A RESERVATION! HE
MAY BE HIDING THERE UNTIL
IT'S SAFE TO JUMP
TOWN!

DON'T WASTE
TIME, MR.
SHANNON! I
WANT ACTION!



YOU'LL GET IT, MISS HUSTON!
SWIPING THAT NECKLACE UNDER
MY NOSE MADE ME LOOK LIKE
TEN KINDS OF A FOOL! I WON'T
BE HAPPY UNTIL I BRING BACK
YOUR EX-BUTLER'S HEAD ON
A PLATE!



AT THE COSMO HOTEL ...

ACCORDING TO THE
CLERK, A GUY ANSWER-
ING CRAYTON'S
DESCRIPTION CHECKED
IN HERE! LEMME
SEE IF I CAN
REMEMBER HOW
TO QUIETLY PICK
A LOCK!

HEY!
WHAT
ARE
YOU
DOING
THERE?



A SNEAK THIEF,
EH? I KNOW
HOW TO
HANDLE YOUR
TYPE!

KENNY!
DON'T
GET
MAD!



KEN SHANNON



YOU'RE A LITTLE TOO FREE WITH YOUR FISTS, MISTER!



A GUY LIKE YOU OUGHT TO KEEP IN CONDITION! YOU'RE SOFT AROUND THE MIDDLE!

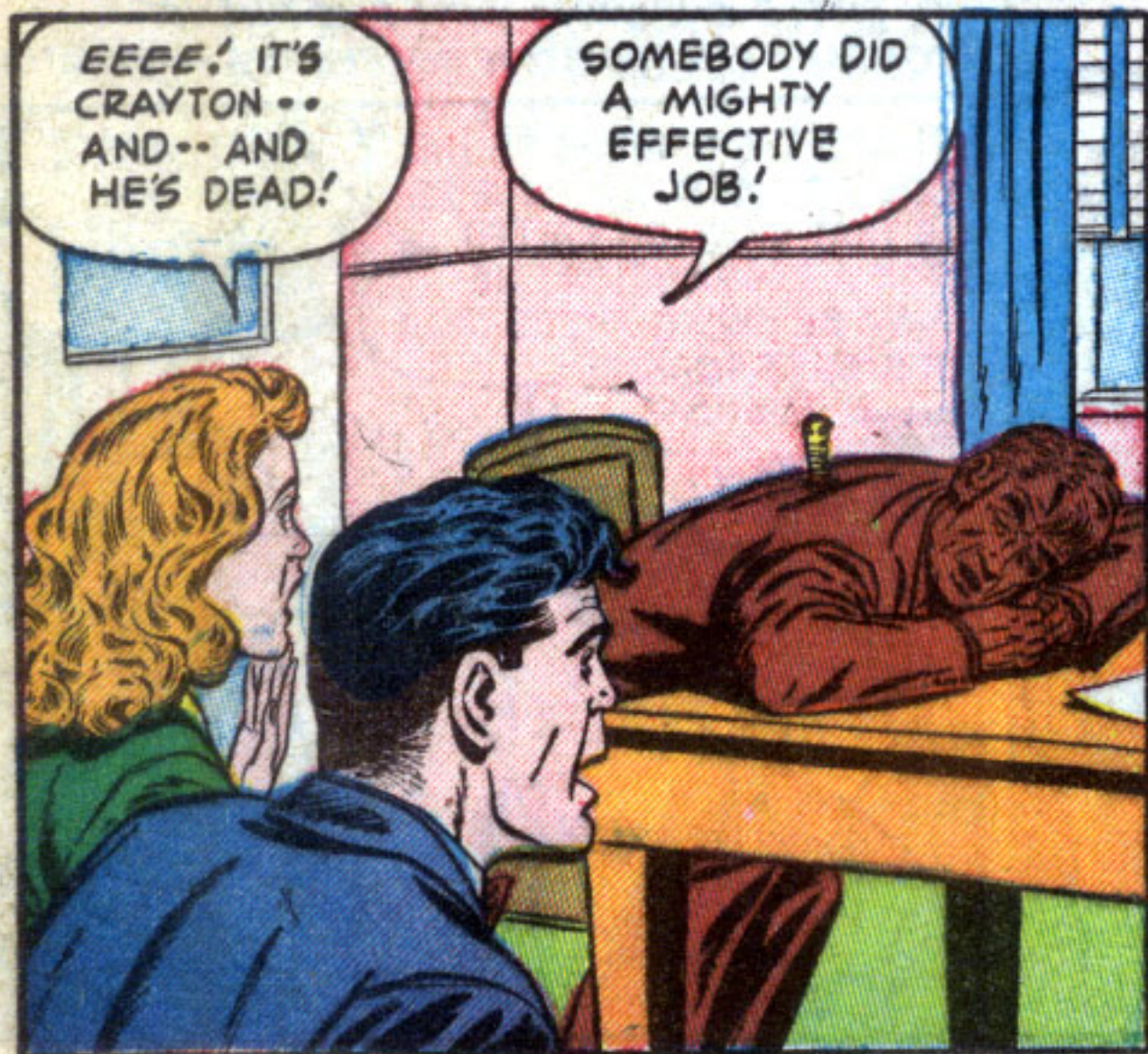
GHUHH!

I USED THE HOTEL DICK'S KEY TO OPEN THE DOOR! DEE DEE WAS KIND OF WORRIED ABOUT HIM!



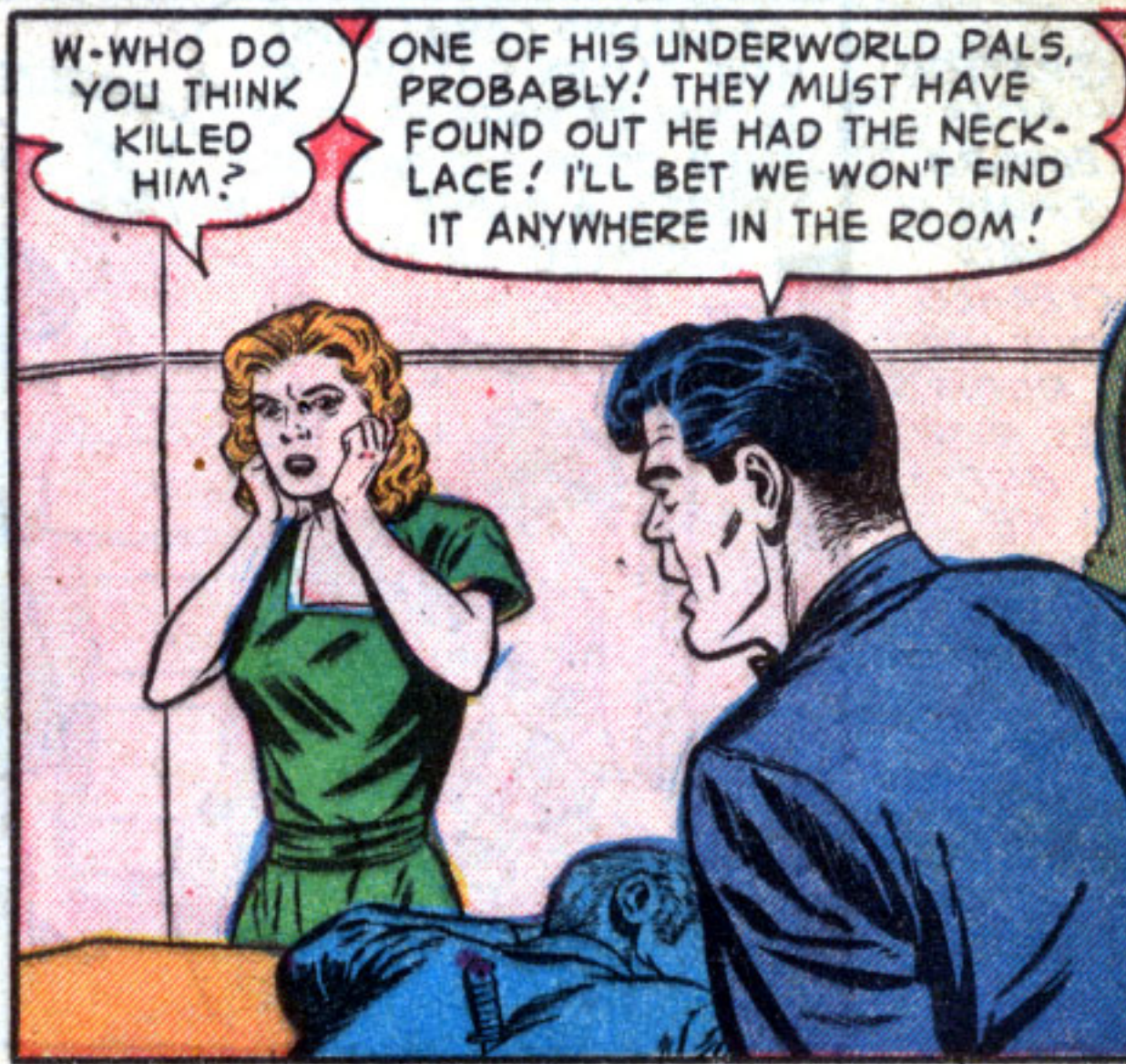
OH, KENNY, HE'S MAKING TERRIBLE GASPING SOUNDS!

HE'LL GET HIS BREATH BACK, HONEY! NEXT TIME HE'LL BE MORE CAREFUL WHEN HE STARTS TEEING OFF!



EEEE! IT'S CRAYTON -- AND -- AND HE'S DEAD!

SOMEBODY DID A MIGHTY EFFECTIVE JOB!



W-WHO DO YOU THINK KILLED HIM?

ONE OF HIS UNDERWORLD PALS, PROBABLY! THEY MUST HAVE FOUND OUT HE HAD THE NECKLACE! I'LL BET WE WON'T FIND IT ANYWHERE IN THE ROOM!

DEE DEE AND I MADE A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE ROOM! IT WAS A LOT TO ASK OF DEE DEE BUT SHE MANAGED TO KEEP HER NERVES UNDER CONTROL...



YOU WERE RIGHT, KEN! THIS IS THE ONLY NECKLACE I CAN FIND! AND IT'S JUST A CHEAP PIECE OF COSTUME JEWELRY!

QUEER! WHY SHOULD CRAYTON HAVE THAT IN HIS ROOM?

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? IT'S NOTHING BUT BAKED CLAY -- WORTH A COUPLE OF DOLLARS!

BAKED CLAY, HUH? THAT STUFF WOULDN'T TAKE LONG TO HARDEN IN A KILN!



KEN SHANNON

I KEPT CHIPPING AWAY AT THAT BAKED CLAY UNTIL I SAW THE TELL-TALE REDDISH GLINT BENEATH..



THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, DEE DEE! IT'S THE RUBY NECKLACE IN DISGUISE! CRAYTON COVERED THE JEWELS WITH CLAY, AND THEN BAKED IT TO HIDE THE REAL RUBIES BENEATH!

GOLLY!



BUT WHY DIDN'T CRAYTON'S MURDERER SPOT THIS? IT'S A FAMILIAR TRICK TO PROFESSIONALS! AND IF CRAYTON **WASN'T** KILLED BY A PROFESSIONAL...


WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT, KENNY?



SOMETHING TELLS ME I'VE BEEN PLAYED FOR A PRIZE SUCKER! COME ALONG, HONEY!

?

WE HURRIED RIGHT OVER TO CHARLOTTE HUSTON'S MANSION! SHE'D BEEN TAKING HER BEAUTY NAP, BUT SHE HURRIED DOWN WHEN SHE HEARD I WAS THERE!



DID YOU SEE CRAYTON? HAVE YOU FOUND MY RUBY NECKLACE?

THE ANSWER IS YES, ON BOTH COUNTS! YOUR NECKLACE JUST ADDED ANOTHER NOTCH TO THE LIST OF MEN WHO DIED FOR IT!




Y-YOU MEAN, HE ...

WHEN I FOUND CRAYTON HE WAS WEARING A KNIFE IN HIS BACK! BUT I WISH YOU WOULDN'T ACT SO SURPRISED, MISS HUSTON!



YOU KNEW ABOUT IT! IN FACT, YOU MURDERED HIM!

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? YOU MUST BE INSANE, MR. SHANNON! WHY SHOULD I KILL A MAN JUST FOR STEALING MY NECKLACE?



THAT ISN'T WHY YOU KILLED HIM! YOU AND CRAYTON HAD A DEAL! YOU KNEW ALL ALONG THAT HE WAS EDWARD SIMMS, THE JEWEL SMUGGLER! YOU ARRANGED WITH HIM TO SUPPOSEDLY STEAL YOUR NECKLACE, SO HE COULD SMUGGLE IT ABROAD AND SELL IT!

OF COURSE, THAT WOULD ENABLE YOU TO COLLECT ON THE INSURANCE TOO! IT WAS A NEAT SCHEME! I SUPPOSE, WHEN THE POLICE START INVESTIGATING, THEY'LL FIND OUT THAT YOU NEEDED THE MONEY PRETTY BADLY!

FANTASTIC! BUT DO GO ON, MR. SHANNON!

THE REASON NO ONE FOUND THE NECKLACE WHEN THE SERVANTS AND GUESTS WERE SEARCHED AT YOUR PARTY WAS SIMPLE! **YOU STILL HAD IT!** WHEN CRAYTON TURNED OFF THE LIGHTS, YOU SECRETED THE NECKLACE ON YOUR OWN PERSON! THEN YOU TURNED IT OVER TO HIM LATER!

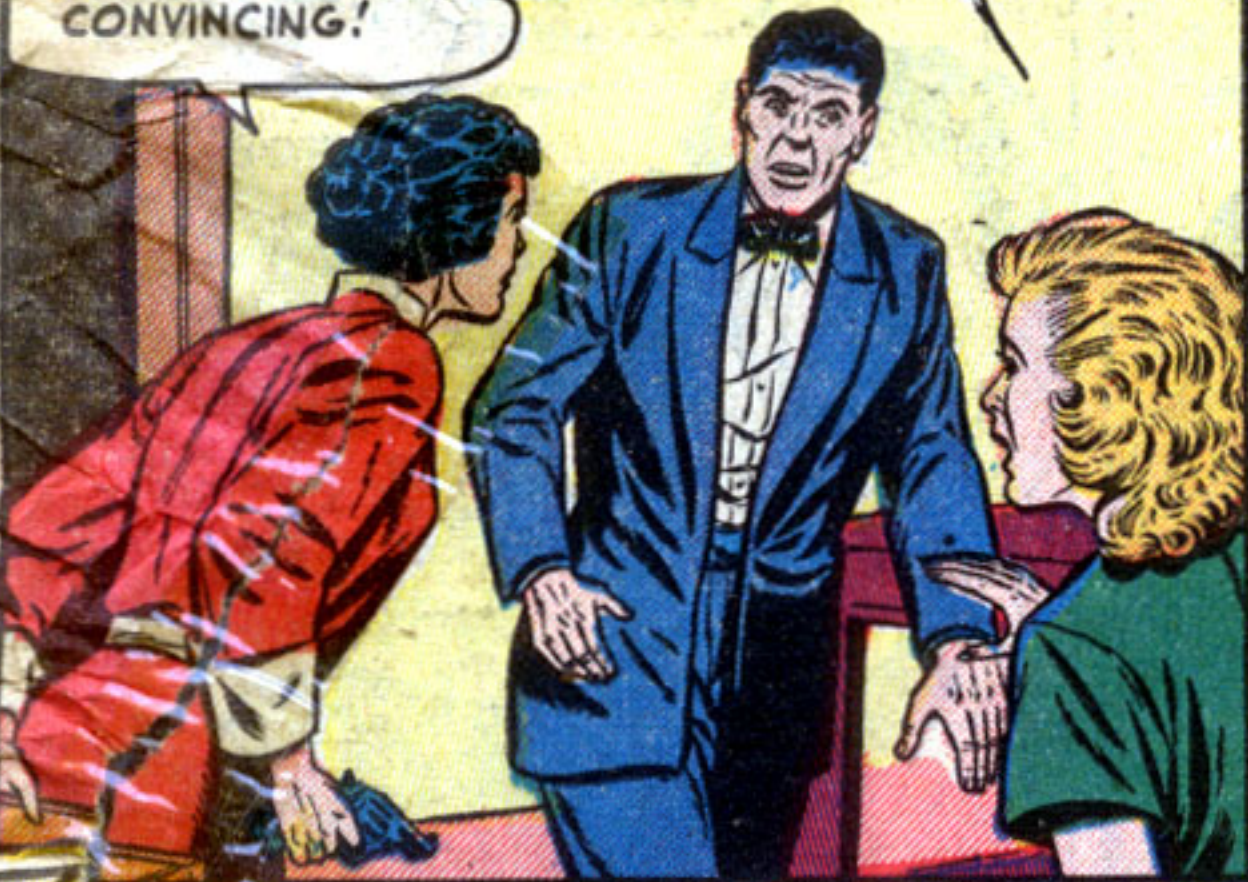
THEN YOU MAY WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU KILLED YOUR SO CALLED PARTNER IN CRIME!

BECAUSE YOU DECIDED NOT TO SHARE THE PROFITS OF YOUR LITTLE DEAL! YOU WENT TO HIS HOTEL AND KILLED HIM, INTENDING TO TAKE BACK THE NECKLACE! BUT YOU COULDN'T FIND IT -- BECAUSE IT WAS ALREADY CAMOUFLAGED IN BAKED CLAY SO THAT CRAYTON COULD SMUGGLE IT ABROAD!



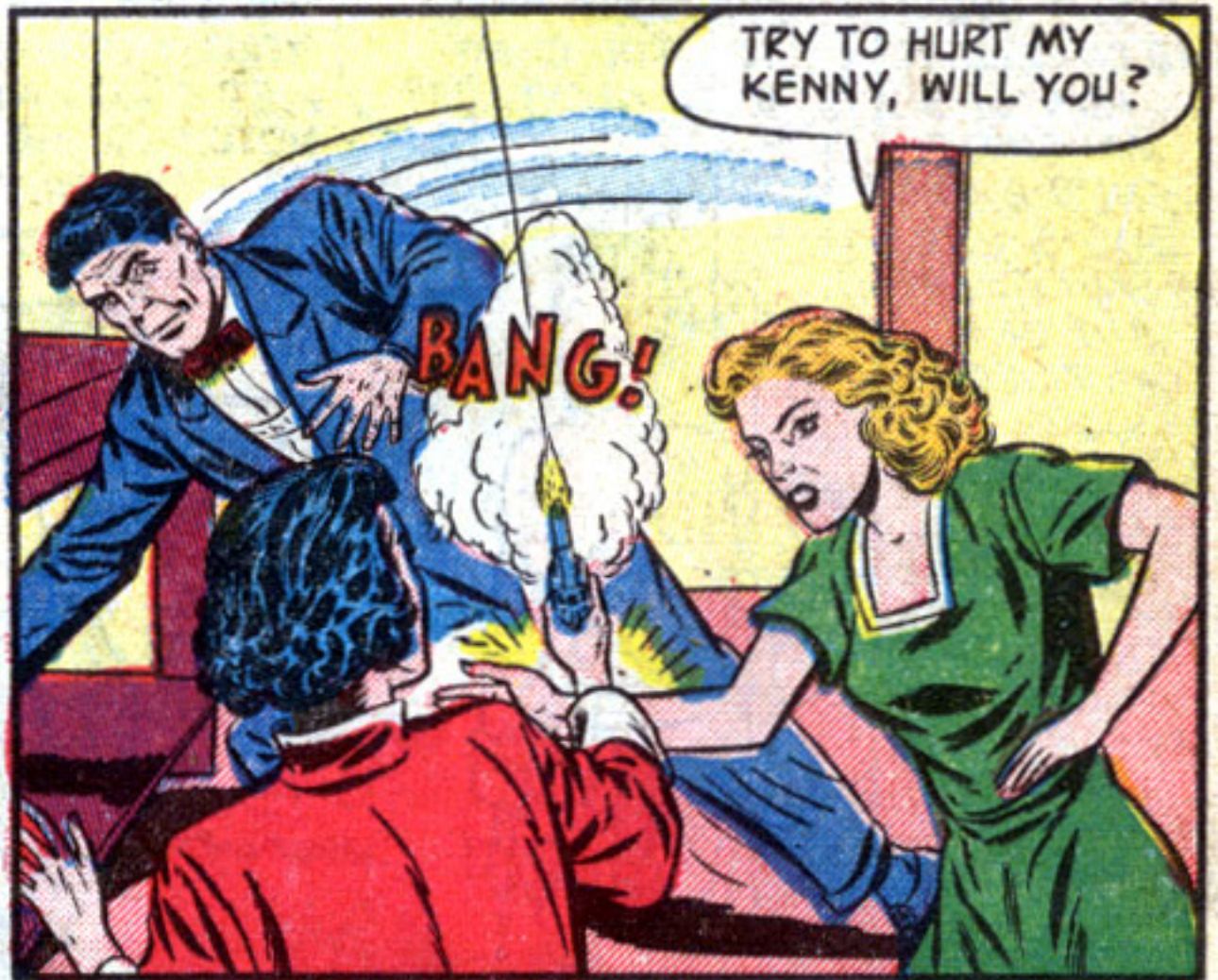
YOU'RE A SMART DETECTIVE, MR. SHANNON! I CAN'T AFFORD TO LET YOU TELL THE POLICE THAT STORY! IT'S **MUCH** TOO CONVINCING!

KEN! LOOK OUT!



THAT WAS NO TIME TO STAND ON MY DIGNITY! I DIVED FOR THE NEAREST COVER...

TRY TO HURT MY KENNY, WILL YOU?



YOU MAKE ME MAD!

WOW! WHAT A SUNDAY PUNCH!



LATER, WHEN DEE, DEE AND I TURNED THE CASE OVER TO ART CLYDE, AT HEAD-QUARTERS...

CHARLOTTE HUSTON'S A LOOKER! IF I KNOW JURIES, SHE'LL GET OFF WITH A MANSLAUGHTER RAP! NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF A WOMAN!

YOU SAID IT, ART! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE RIGHT CROSS TO THE JAW THAT DEE DEE UNCORKED! SHE MUST HAVE BEEN TAKING LESSONS FROM ME!



KEN SHANNON



JORAM WORTH

What he did to a quarter-million dollars still gives me goose bumps!



LIRA WORTH

The widow who carried her grief to the oddest places!



ACE EGLEY

He thanked me for knocking off his top torpedo!

DEE DEE DAWSON,
MY SECRETARY,
OPENED THE MORNING MAIL AND ALMOST HAD HYSTERICS!

YOU'RE SURE THERE WAS NO NOTE OR NAME IN THE ENVELOPE, DEE DEE? I COULD SWEAR I'D SEEN THIS GUY'S PICTURE SOMEWHERE!

I'VE NEVER SEEN THIS PICTURE BEFORE, KENNY BOY, AND IT'S LOVELY!



The PHONE RANG JUST THEN AND I SCOOPED IT UP!

SHANNON HERE! IT'S YOUR NICKEL—GO AHEAD!

YOU GOT MY PICTURE AND RETAINER FEE IN THE MAIL THIS MORNING! THAT'S TO PAY FOR ONE HOUR OF YOUR TIME...



I'M IN THE ASTOL HOTEL LOBBY! YOU'LL KNOW ME BY MY PHOTO! ALL YOU DO IS FOLLOW ME FOR ONE HOUR WITHOUT INTERFERING!

WHO AM I TO ARGUE WITH 500 BUCKS? I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



I LEFT DEE DEE DROOLING OVER THE 500 BILL AND SET OUT TO EARN IT!



OBVIOUSLY I'M SUPPOSED TO WITNESS SOMETHING! AND FOR THAT KIND OF DOUGH IT MUST BE BIG STUFF!

I SPOTTED MY MYSTERY CLIENT THE MOMENT I WALKED IN -- AND HE SAW ME, TOO! HE TURNED AND STARTED WALKING AWAY!



HE WARNED ME NOT TO LET ANYONE GUESS I WAS TAILING HIM!

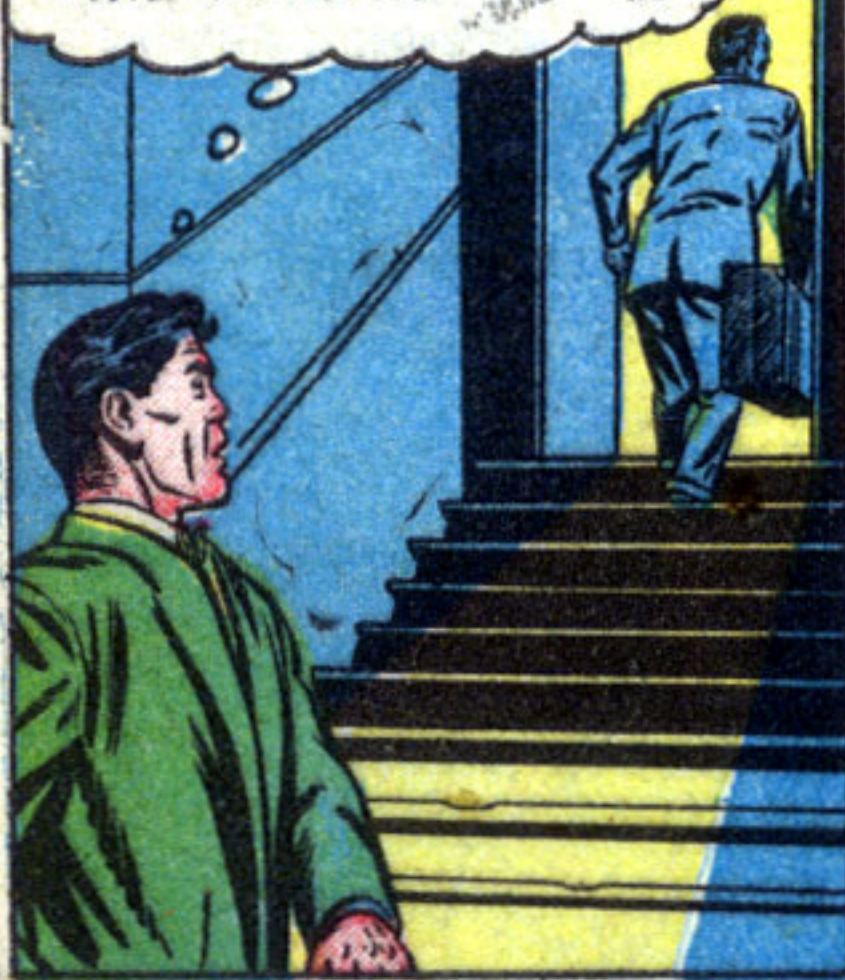
INSTEAD OF HEADING FOR THE STREET, HE STEPPED INTO AN ELEVATOR!



UH-OH! NOW HOW DO I KEEP FROM LOOKING CONSPICUOUS? DISGUISE MYSELF AS A CHAMBERMAID?

TOP FLOOR, PLEASE, OPERATOR!

HOLY CROW! HE'S HEADING OUT ONTO THE HOTEL ROOF! THIS GETS DIZZIER BY THE MINUTE!



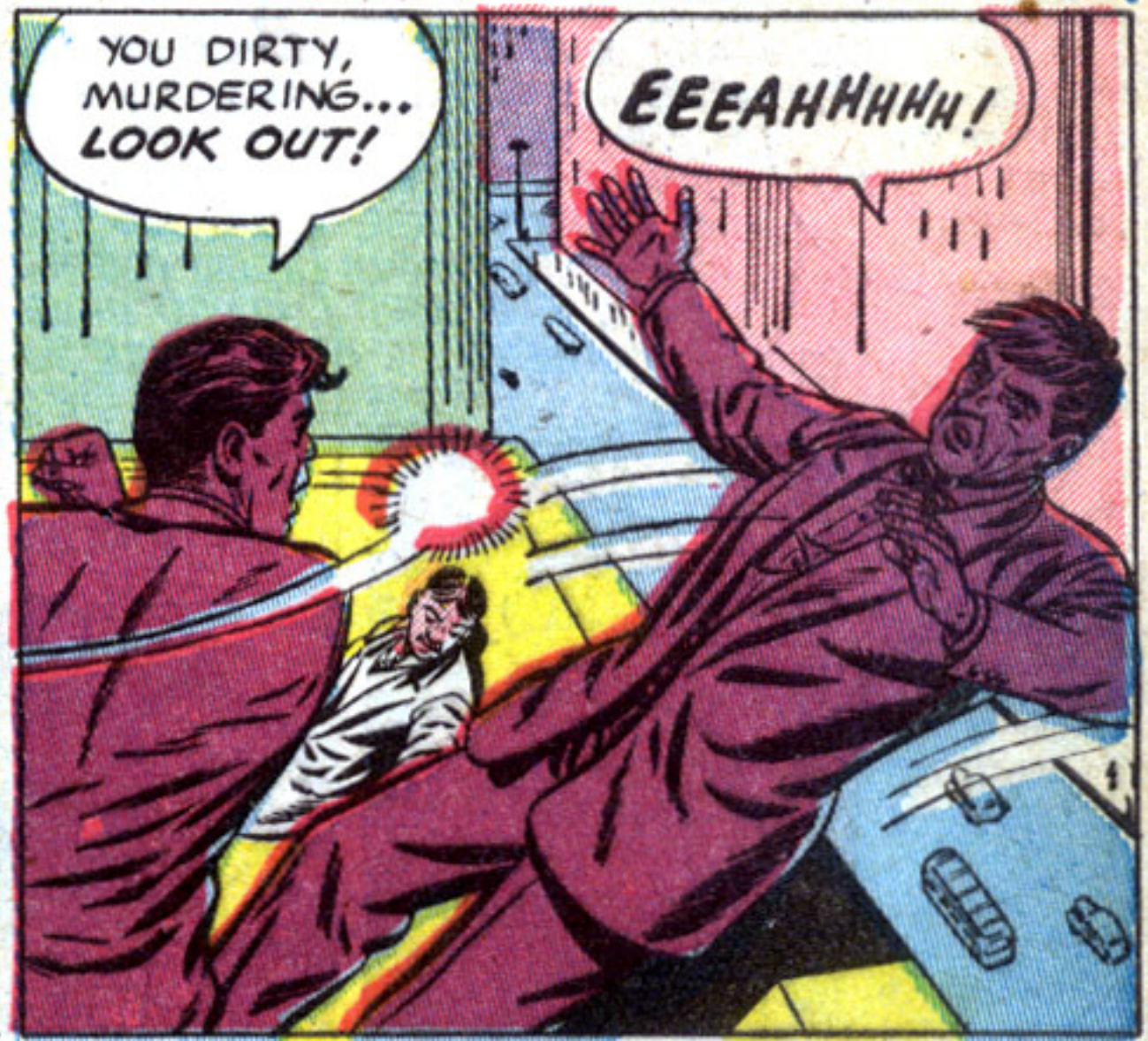
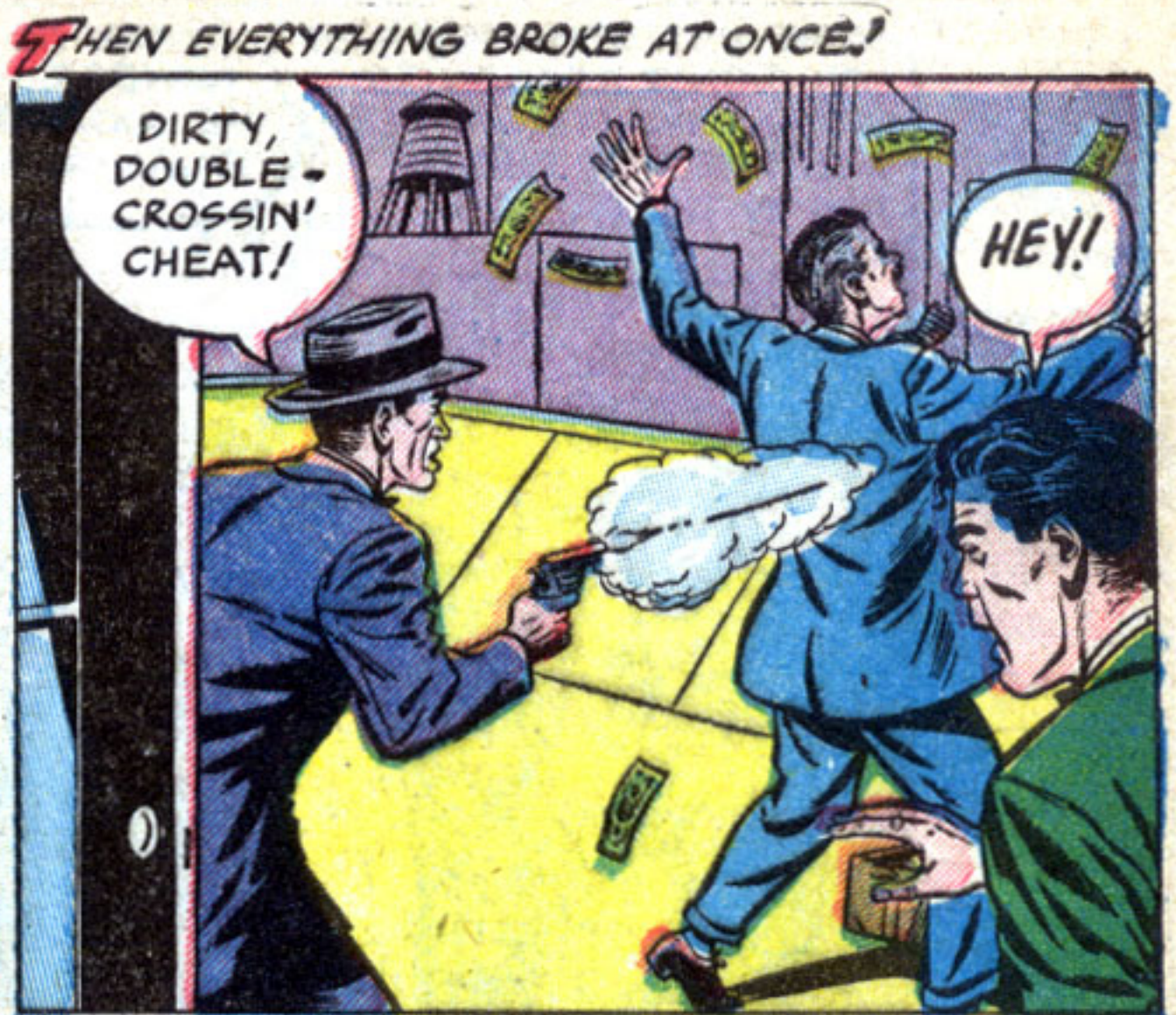
WHAT TH...? DON'T TELL ME THE GUY'S FIGURING ON A 12-STORY NOSE-DIVE!



And THEN I SAW WHAT THE SCREWBALL WAS DOING!



EEEEOOOWWW!
OH, NO...!



ONE LOOK AND I KNEW I'D HELPED SAMMY KARPER CHEAT THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! DOWN BELOW THERE WAS SHEER BEDLAM!



WHILE THE SQUAD CLEANED UP, MY PAL, LIEUTENANT ART CLYDE, HEARD THE STORY! -

SOME DETECTIVE YOU ARE! YOU DIDN'T RECOGNIZE JORAM NORTH, AFTER ALL THE PICTURES OF HIM IN THE PAPERS?



OWOO! NO WONDER HE LOOKED FAMILIAR!

THE MILLIONAIRE WHOSE WIFE HAD HIM DECLARED MENTALLY UNFIT TO HANDLE HIS OWN DOUGH! I REMEMBER NOW!

THIS PROVES SHE WAS RIGHT! THE GUY WAS NUTS FOR SURE! OVER 200 GRAND TOSSED OUT, NEAR AS WE CAN ESTIMATE, AND A SWEET RIOT IN THE STREET!



I'M NOT SURE HE WAS NUTS, ART! HOW ABOUT SAMMY KARPER?

AHH, KARPER'D SLUG HIS MOTHER FOR A DIME! HE SAW NORTH TOSsing AWAY DOUGH, RAN UP TO SNATCH IT ALL AND LOST HIS HEAD...



BACK AT THE OFFICE I TOLD DEE DEE WHAT HAPPENED!

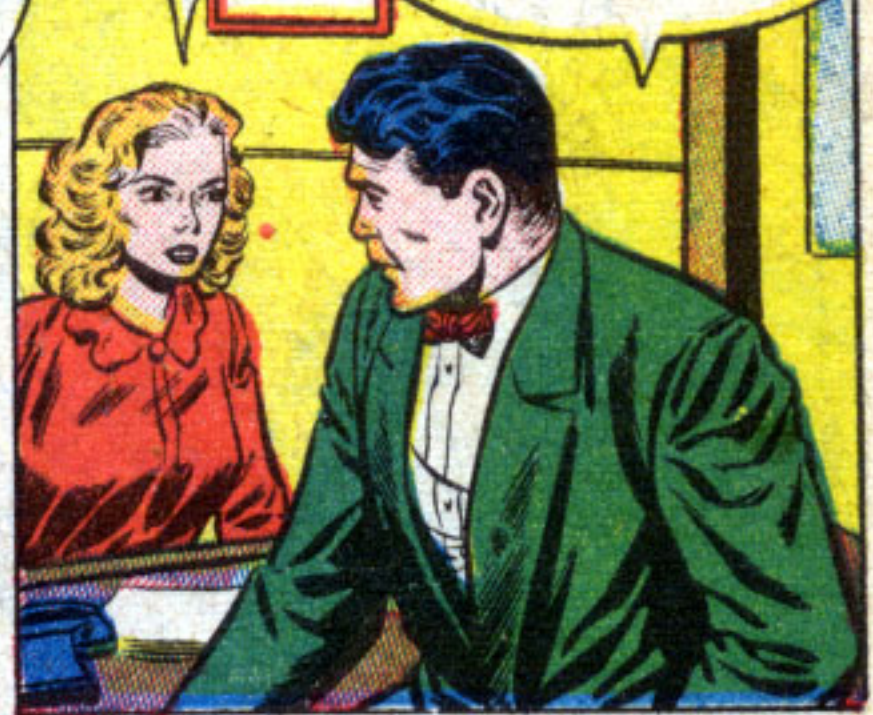
EEEEK! HERE I SAT, OGLING \$500 WHEN I COULD HAVE BEEN OUT WITH A BASKET CATCHING THOUSANDS! POOR CRAZY MR. NORTH...

OR GETTING TRAMPLED IN THE MOB! BUT I'M NOT SURE NORTH WAS CRAZY MY PET!



WHAT? WHY ELSE WOULD A MAN THROW MONEY AWAY LIKE THAT?

I MEAN TO FIND OUT! AND WHY KARPER YELLED "DOUBLE CROSSER" AT HIM! MAYBE I'LL STILL EARN THAT \$500! COME ON!



I DON'T GET IT, KEN! WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO ACE EGLEY'S ACE CLUB! SAMMY KARPER WAS ONE OF ACE'S TORPEDOES! MAYBE THERE'S A CONNECTION!



THE FIRST GUY WE SAW WAS BIG MAX, ACE'S BOUNCER!

AH-AH-AH! YOU BARGE IN CUTE, SHANNON! NOW BARGE OUT THE SAME WAY! ACE IS BUSY!

SO AM I, MAXIE, AND I'M GOING IN! EITHER MOVE IT OR LOSE IT!



YOU MADE YOUR CHOICE!

WHY, YOU... WOOFFF!



STAY CLEAR, DEE DEE! I'M GOING TO TRY TO CROWD ACE AND HE MIGHT GET TOUGH!

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, KEN SHANNON! IT SEEMS TO ME YOU ARE JUST BORROWING TROUBLE!

MAXIE HADN'T BEEN KIDDING US! ACE WAS BUSY, ALL RIGHT, AND IT LOOKED LIKE INTERESTING WORK!

HI, ACE! DON'T MIND US! WE'RE JUST WAITING FOR A STREETCAR!

SHANNON! WHO LET YOU IN HERE? I'LL KILL THAT DUMB MAX...

BETTER NOT, ACE! AFTER WHAT I DID TO SAMMY KARPER YOU'LL BE COMPLETELY OUT OF HOODS!

YOU SAVED ME THE JOB ON KARPER! I'D HAVE KICKED HIS TEETH IN FOR GETTING DOUGH-CRAZY AND PULLING A STUNT LIKE HE DID!

UH...YOU RUN ALONG, HONEY! I'LL DEAL WITH SHANNON AND GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU LATER!

K-KEN...STOP HER! DON'T LET HER GET AWAY!

I RECOGNIZE HER, NOW! THAT'S LIRA WORTH...THE WIFE WHO HAD JORAM WORTH DECLARED INCOMPETENT!

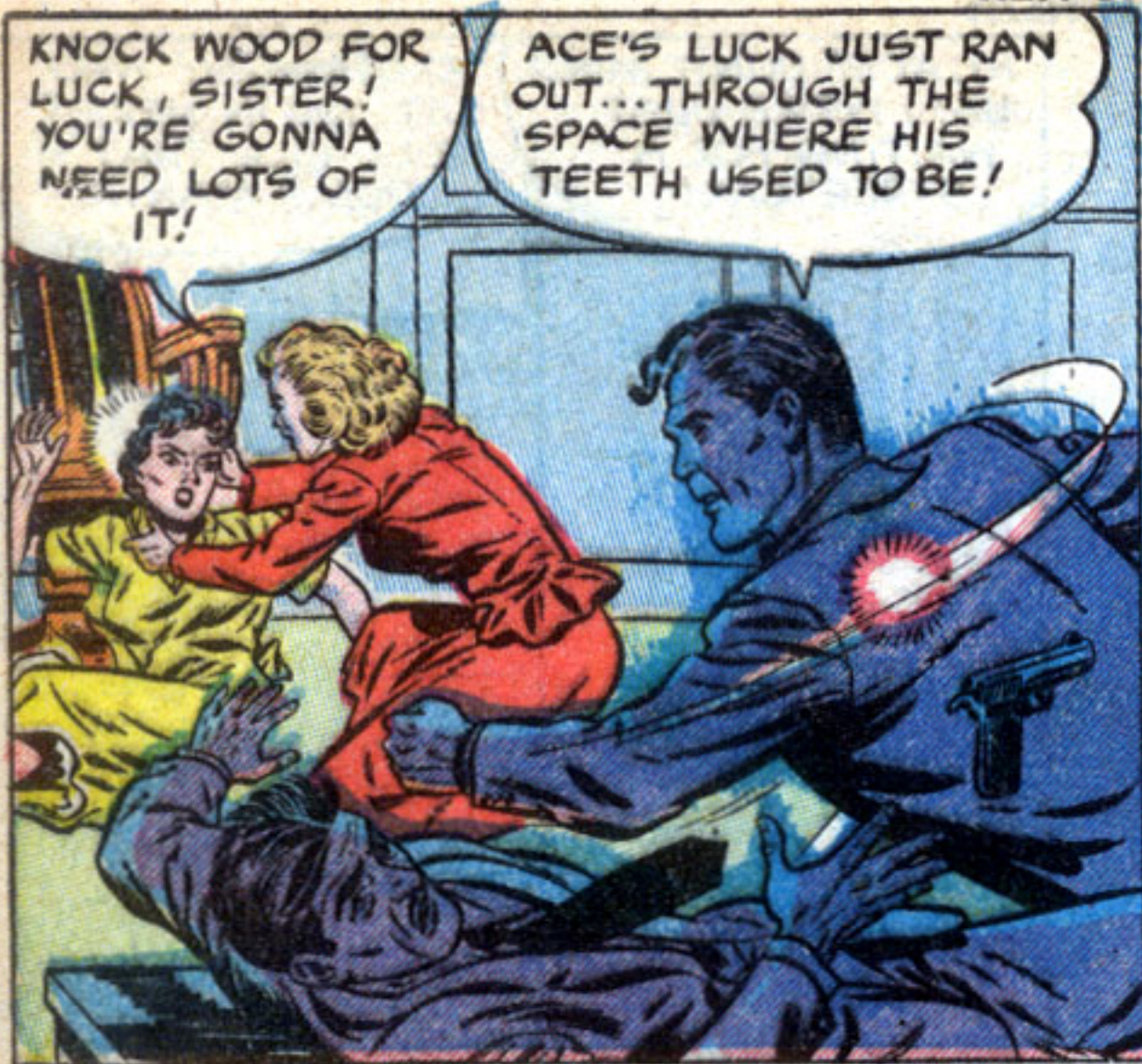
&%\$#(!) THAT RIPS EVERYTHING!

GRAB THE GIRL, LIRA! IF WE CAN SHUT THEM UP, WE'RE STILL IN THE CLEAR!

COME ON, HONEY! GRAB ME! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

YOUR HUSBAND THREW HIS MONEY IN THE STREET JUST TO KEEP IT OUT OF YOUR FILTHY HANDS!

THAT'S IT, DEE DEE! THAT'S THE ANSWER!



KNOCK WOOD FOR LUCK, SISTER! YOU'RE GONNA NEED LOTS OF IT!

ACE'S LUCK JUST RAN OUT...THROUGH THE SPACE WHERE HIS TEETH USED TO BE!



SHALL I PHONE THE POLICE, KEN?

NOT YET! WE HAVEN'T ANY CASE UNTIL I GET SOME WILD GUESSES BACKED UP WITH EVIDENCE! SIT TIGHT A MINUTE, DEE DEE!



DO...DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT'S WHY MR. WORTH THREW HIS MONEY OUT?

I'M POSITIVE! HE STUMBLED ON THE PLOT BETWEEN HIS CUTE WIFE AND ACE TO GET CONTROL OF HIS FORTUNE! THAT'S MY GUESS ANYHOW...



SOMEHOW THEY PUT OVER THAT COURT DEAL! SO I'M BETTING HE COLLECTED ALL HIS CASH TO MAKE SURE THEY WOULDN'T GET IT!

AND I'LL BET HE HIRED YOU THAT WAY, KNOWING YOU'D GET WISE TO SOMETHING AND HELP HIM!



HE PROBABLY KNEW KARPER WAS WATCHING HIM AND FIGURED I'D GET THE PICTURE AND... **AWRRRK!**

YOU TALK TOO MUCH, SHANNON! SHUT UP AND LISTEN TO ACE, NOW!



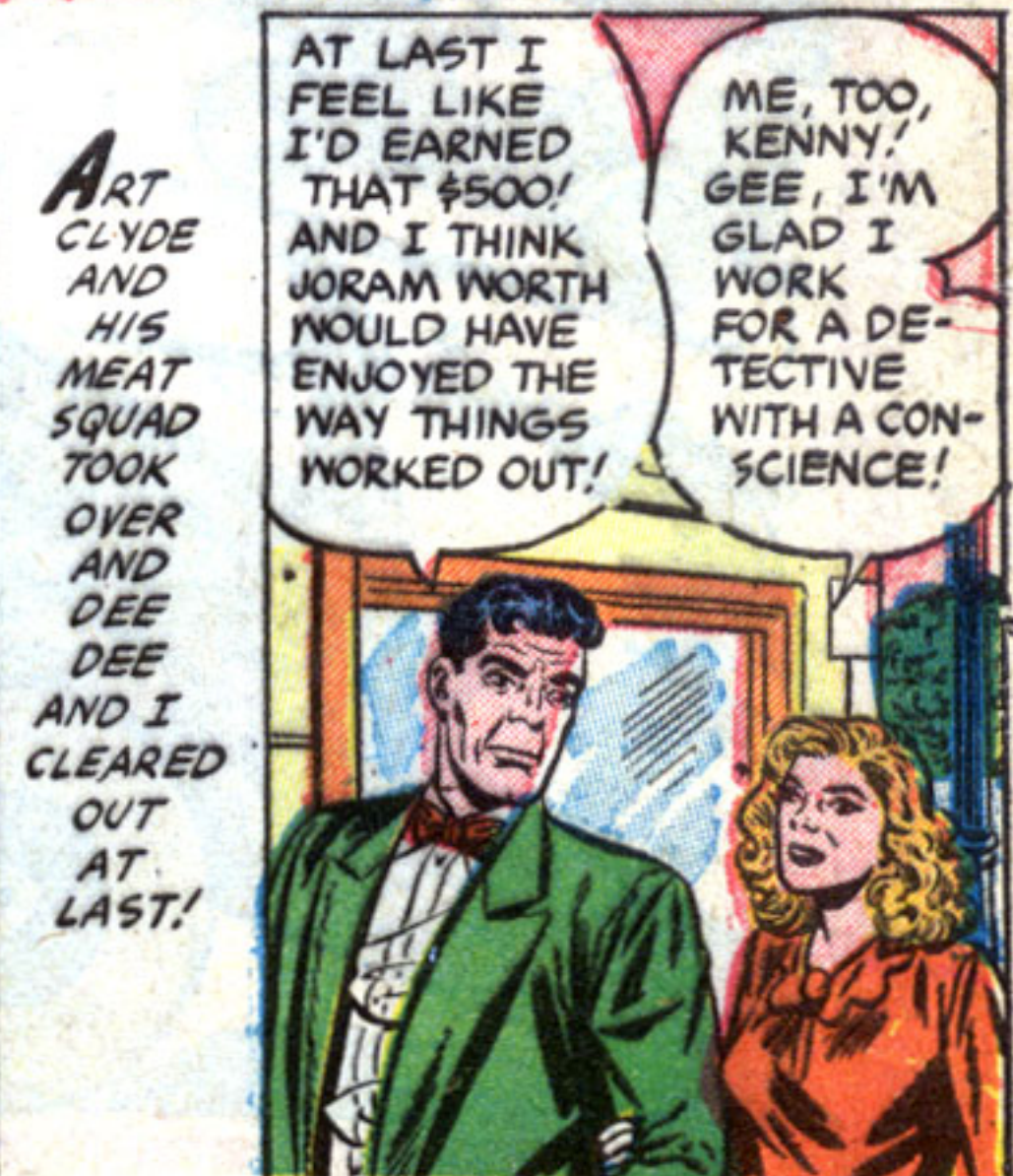
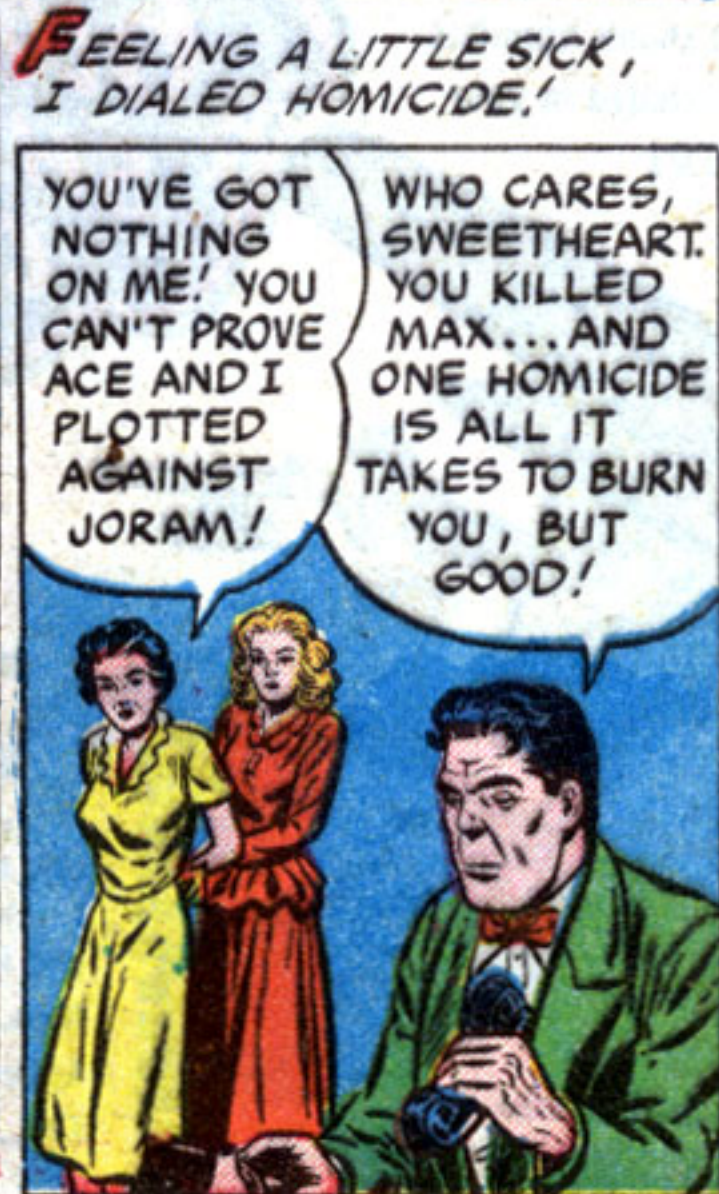
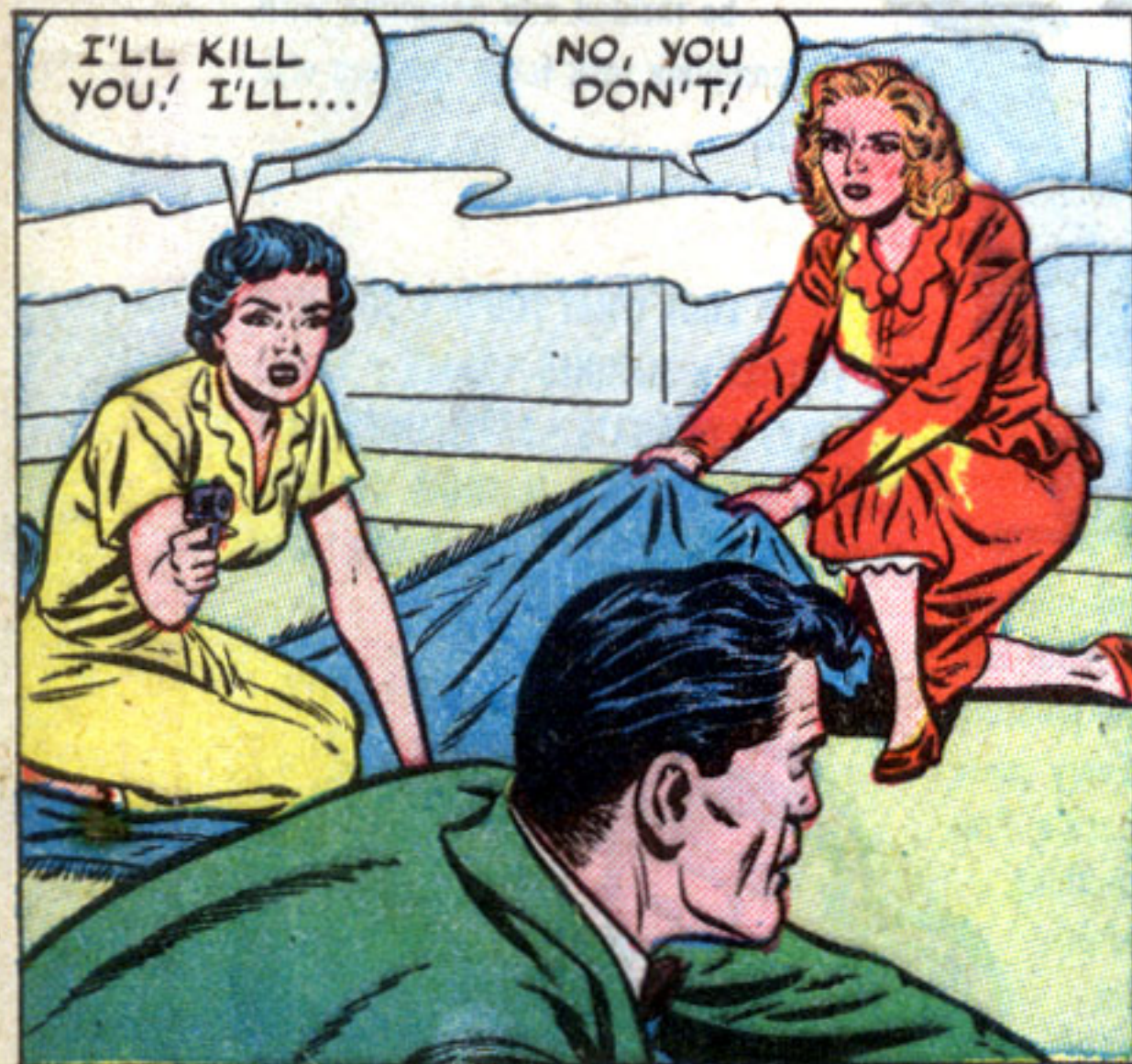
ME AND MY BIG MOUTH!

IT WON'T BOTHER YOU MUCH LONGER, SHANNON! WITH YOU TWO OUT OF THE PICTURE, WE CAN STILL COLLECT THE REST OF WORTH'S ESTATE!



GOOD WORK, MAX! GET SOME ROPE TO TIE THEM UP WITH WHILE WE FIGURE A SAFE OUT!

SORRY, PET, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE EITHER WAY, WE GET IT IN THE NECK!



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"I am Broadcast Engineer at WLPM. Another technician and I have opened a Radio-TV service shop in our spare time. Big TV sales here. As a result we have more work than we can handle." —J. H. Bangle, Jr., Suffolk, Va.

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"My first job was operator with KDLR, obtained for me by your Graduate Service Dept. I am now Chief Engineer in charge of Radio Equipment for Police and Fire Department." —T. S. Norton, Hamilton, Ohio.



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A Guy Is A Guy
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Forgive Me
Wheel of Fortune
Tell Me Why
Cry



OR 18 HILL BILLY HITS

It Is No Secret
May the Good Lord
Bless and Keep
You
Give Me More,
More, More
Baby, We're Really
in Love
Hey, Good Lookin'
Alabama Jubilee
Always Late
Crying Heart Blues
Somebody's Been
Beatin' My Time
Slow Poke

Let Old Mother Nature Have Her
Way
Crazy Heart
Mom and Dad's
Waltz
Silver and Gold
Wondering
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Sunshine
Too Old To Cut The
Mustard
Music Makin' Mama
From Memphis



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The Lord's Prayer
Onward, Christian Soldiers
What a Friend We Have
in Jesus
Church in the Wildwood
In the Garden
Faith of Our Fathers
There Is Power in the Blood,
Leaning on the Everlasting
Arms
Since Jesus Came Into
My Heart
Trust on Me

Jesus Keep Me Near the
Cross
Softly and Tenderly
Dear Lord and Father of
Mankind
A Mighty Fortress
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